

Rotarian

NOVEMBER



TOM J. DAVIS

My Clipper Trip
To England

CHANNING POLLOCK

Open the Pores
Of Your Heart!

HARRISON E. HOWE

Help Science
Outmode War!

ABC OF INFLATION

Melchior Palyi
M. S. Rukeyser
Harland Allen

WM. LYON PHELPS

Comment on
Life and Books

Pictures—

'That Highway
To Alaska'

Totem Pole—Color Photo by ALFRED and ELMA MILOTTE

1941

MAIN STREET

Buys more than Wall Street!



68% of THE ROTARIAN
circulation in the United
States is in towns under
25,000 POPULATION.

And in Latin America
14,933 Executives read

REVISTA ROTARIA

Written specifically for Ibero America—edited by an Ibero-American—REVISTA ROTARIA has become “required reading” among top ranking executives in 20 countries from Mexico to the Argentine — a market which no export advertiser can afford to overlook.

*Read by
men who
influence people*

No matter what you have to sell—from ash trays to adding machines — from matches to motor cars — your biggest market is Main Street.

And you can reach the cream of this market of millions effectively and economically with THE ROTARIAN.

Of its 173,540 total net paid circulation*, 158,782 is within the United States. Of these, more than 68% are in towns under 25,000 population—an alert audience of key executives—presidents, owners, general managers of thriving businesses—professional men—leaders in their communities—with an average annual income of well over \$7,000.

They have what it takes to buy what you sell.

And they read THE ROTARIAN—unhurriedly, at home—not just because it's their own publication, but because of the scope and quality of its editorial content. With outstanding contributors such as John Erskine, Rupert Hughes, Walter B. Pitkin, Channing Pollock, H. G. Wells, and others of like calibre, it's easy to see why Rotarians want to read THE ROTARIAN—and why it's one of the most widely quoted publications in America today.

Let us give you some of the surprising facts and figures about the reading habits and buying power of these ROTARIAN readers. Let us show you how you can sell your product to these executives of Main Street.

THE Rotarian

35 EAST WACKER DRIVE • • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*173,540 net paid (June 1941 issue—see A.B.C. statement) and still growing.

A Money-Making Opportunity

for Men of Character

EXCLUSIVE FRANCHISE FOR

A BUSINESS WHICH HAS MADE

AN OUTSTANDING NATIONAL SUCCESS

**Costly Work Formerly
"Sent Out" by Business Men
Now Done by Themselves
at a Fraction of the Expense**

**This is a call for men everywhere to handle
exclusive agency for one of the most
unique business specialties of the day.**

Forty years ago the horse and buggy business was supreme—today almost extinct. Twenty years ago the gas mantle industry ran into many millions—today practically a relic. Only a comparatively few foresighted men saw the fortunes ahead in the automobile and the radio. Yet irresistible waves of public buying swept these men to fortune, and sent the buggy and the gas mantle into the discard. So are great successes made by men able to detect the shift in public favor from one industry to another.

Now another change is taking place. An old established industry—an integral and important part of the nation's structure—in which millions of dollars change hands every year—is in thousands of cases being replaced by a truly astonishing, simple device which does the work better—more reliably—AND AT A COST OFTEN AS LOW AS 2% OF WHAT IS ORDINARILY PAID! It has not required very long for men who have taken over the rights to this valuable specialty to do a remarkable business, and show earnings which in these times are almost unheard of for the average man.

**Not a "Gadget"—
Not a "Knick-Knack"—**

**but a valuable, proved device which
has been sold successfully by business
novices as well as seasoned
veterans.**

Make no mistake—this is no novelty—no flimsy creation which the producer hopes to put on the market. You probably have seen nothing like it yet—perhaps never dreamed of the existence of such a device—yet it has already been used by corporations of outstanding prominence—by dealers of great corporations—by their branches—by doctors, newspapers, publishers—schools—hospitals, etc., etc., and by thousands of small business men. You don't have to convince a man that he should use an electric bulb to light his office instead of a gas lamp. Nor do you have to sell the same business man the idea that some day he may need something like this device. The need is already there—the money is usually being spent right at that very moment—and the desirability of saving the greatest part of this expense is obvious immediately.

**Some of the Savings
You Can Show**

You walk into an office and put down before your prospect a letter from a sales organization showing that they did work in their own office for \$11 which formerly could have cost them over \$200. A building supply corporation pays our man \$70, whereas the bill could have been for \$1,600! An automobile dealer pays our representative \$15, whereas the expense could have been over \$1,000. A department store has expense of \$88.60, possible cost if done outside the business being well over \$2,000. And so on. We could not possibly list all cases here. These are just a few of the many actual cases which we place in your hands to work with. Practically every line of business and every section of the country is represented by these field reports which hammer across dazzling, convincing money-saving opportunities which hardly any business man can fail to understand.

**Profits Typical of
the Young, Growing Industry**

Going into this business is not like selling something offered in every grocery, drug or department store. For instance, when you take a \$7.50 order, \$3.83 can be your share. On \$1,500 worth of business, your share can be \$1,167.00. The very least you get as your part of every dollar's worth of business you do is 67 cents—on ten dollars' worth \$6.70, on a hundred dollars' worth \$67.00—in other words two thirds of every order you get is yours. Not only on the first order—but on repeat orders—and you have the opportunity of earning an even larger percentage.

**This Business Has
Nothing to Do With
House to House Canvassing**

Nor do you have to know anything about high-pressure selling. "Selling" is unnecessary in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead of hammering away at the customer and trying to "force" a sale, you make a dignified, business-like call, leave the installation—whatever size the customer says he will accept—at our risk, let the customer sell himself after the device is in and working. This does away with the need for pressure on the customer—it eliminates the handicap of trying to get the money before the customer has really convinced himself 100%. You simply tell what you offer, showing proof of success in that customer's particular line of business. Then leave the device without a dollar down. It starts working at once. In a few short days, the installation should actually produce enough cash money to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time. You then call back, collect your money. Nothing is so convincing as our offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer! While others fail to get even a hearing, our men are making sales running into the hundreds. They have received the attention of the largest firms in the country, and sold to the smallest businesses by the thousands.

EARNINGS

One man in California earned over \$1,600 per month for three months—close to \$5,000 in 90 days' time. Another writes from Delaware—"Since I have been operating (just a little less than a month of actual selling) and not the full day at that, because I have been getting organized and had to spend at least half the day in the office; counting what I have sold outright and on trial, I have made just a little in excess of one thousand dollars profit for one month." A Connecticut man writes he has made \$55.00 in a single day's time. Texas man nets over \$300 in less than a week's time. Space does not permit mentioning here more than these few random cases. However, they are sufficient to indicate that the worthwhile future in this business is coupled with immediate earnings for the right kind of man. One man with us has already made over a thousand sales on which his earnings ran from \$5 to \$60 per sale and more. A great deal of this business was repeat business. Yet he had never done anything like this before coming with us. That is the kind of opportunity this business offers. The fact that this business has attracted to it such business men as former bankers, executives of businesses—men who demand only the highest type of opportunity and income—gives a fairly good picture of the kind of business this is. Our door is open, however, to the young man looking for the right field in which to make his start and develop his future.

No Money Need Be Risked

in trying this business out. You can measure the possibilities and not be out a dollar. If you are looking for a business that is not overcrowded—a business that is just coming into its own—on the upgrade, instead of the downgrade—a business that offers the buyer relief from a burdensome, but unavoidable expense—a business that has a prospect practically in every office, store, or factory into which you can set foot—regardless of size—that is a necessity but does not have any price cutting to contend with as other necessities do—that because you control the sales in exclusive territory is your own business—that pays more on some individual sales than many men make in a week and sometimes in a month's time—if such a business looks as if it is worth investigating, get in touch with us at once for the rights in your territory—don't delay—because the chances are that if you do wait, someone else will have written to us in the meantime—and if it turns out that you were the better man—we'd both be sorry. So for convenience, use the coupon below—but send it right away—or wire if you wish. But do it now. Address:

F. E. ARMSTRONG
Dept. 4002-M, Mobile, Ala.

RUSH FOR EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY PROPOSITION

F. E. ARMSTRONG, Dept. 4002-M, Mobile, Ala.
Without obligation to me, send me full information on your proposition.

Name.....
Street or Route.....
Box No.....
City.....
State.....

2 TIME and TROUBLE SAVING SPlicing SLEEVES

Nicopress REDUCING SLEEVES



The most satisfactory way of splicing two wires of different sizes is with Nicopress Reducing Sleeves.

With these sleeves, any lineman will make neat, compact, tight splices that exceed the rated breaking strength of the conductors. By their use, both the mechanical and electrical efficiency of the joints is increased and the time and labor of completing the splices materially reduced.

Nicopress REPAIR SLEEVES

When it is necessary to cut out old noisy joints, you'll find no simpler or better way to make line repairs, than with Nicopress Repair Sleeves. "Cutting-in" of new sections of wire, to maintain the initial sag is entirely eliminated, thus saving a lot of the labor and material required to do the work under ordinary methods. The sleeve splices are tight and strong, exceeding the rated breaking strength of the wire, and the completed jobs neat and workmanlike.

No special tools are required to make either Reducing Sleeve or Repair Sleeve joints, as the work is done with the same convenient Nicopress Tools used for making Nicopress line splices.

Order from your jobber today



**THE NATIONAL
TELEPHONE SUPPLY CO.**
5100 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.
Canadian Mfr.—N. Slater Co., Ltd.,
Hamilton, Ontario
Export Distributor—International
Standard Electric Corp., New York, N. Y.

Talking It Over

COMMENT ON ROTARIAN ARTICLES BY ROTARIAN READERS

Recipe for a Rotary Speech

From J. H. MACDONALD, *Rotarian*
Cashier, Colorado Savings & Trust Co.
La Junta, Colorado

I was forced, as a member of the local school board, to make a speech on education before a large group of teachers and parents, and since I know practically nothing about the subject, I thought I was going to be forced to rely entirely on my two joke books and my imagination. You have no idea how glad I was to see the subject of education discussed exceedingly well in the September ROTARIAN [*'Progressive Education'*—debate-of-the-month]. I lifted whole gobs of that discussion, added my two joke books and my imagination, and was then told that I made a remarkable speech for one of my evident limitations.

'Good Business' in the '80s

By GEO. H. BURBIDGE, *Rotarian*
Harbor Engineer
Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada

After reading Ray Giles' article *Good Sportsmanship Makes Good Business* [September ROTARIAN], I dug out some advertisements that appeared in the Ottawa (Ontario) *Journal* some time in the 1880s. These advertisements came from the pen of the late R. J. Devlin, furrier in that city.

The following copy of an advertisement illustrates Mr. Giles' arguments to perfection. The advertisement was headed "\$6.00" and, as a result, Mr. Devlin sold 80 percent of his stock of sleigh robes in a few days.

I have a lot of Gray Goat Sleigh Robes at \$6 each. They are gray and they are goat and they are \$6, and that is all I can truthfully say for them.

They are probably about the average of such things—neither better nor worse. They are lined and they are trimmed, which is a circumstance, but if there is any worse lining or trimming in the country, I should be pleased to see it.

Of course, with a raging Protectionist Government in power, people cannot expect much for \$6, and in this case I think their expectations will be realized, though they will get a good \$6 worth.

In the meantime, I should like to realize \$6 apiece for about 75 robes. Terms cash.

P.S. Of course, after the above warning, anyone who purchases a Gray Goat Robe from me does so at his own personal risk.

Wanted: Plastic Information

By WM. G. V. FERNIE, *Rotarian*
Retailer and Manufacturer
Christchurch, New Zealand

As a Rotarian, I am always interested in the articles in THE ROTARIAN, but from a business point of view I find *Peeps at Things to Come* particularly stimulating.

While my classification is general merchandise—retail, I am interested in a manufacturing business which specializes in novelty lines. For some considerable time we have been seeking in-

formation on plastics, particularly those that do not require "dies," and expensive presses such as "Bakelite."

In the July issue you mention resinous type, and it would appear to me that the synthetic resins described are just what we have been seeking.

Could you pass on my inquiry to any manufacturers of synthetic resins, asking them to forward literature and samples of the raw materials which they use?

I am quite sure that a large market is open here, and business mutually satisfactory to the suppliers and ourselves should result.

We are always glad to pass readers' inquiries on to persons or organizations.—Eds.

Even a Horned Toad Offered

To J. W. N. SHEPHERD, *Rotarian*
Dentist

Kelowna, British Columbia, Canada

As a result of discussion of my wood-carving hobby in the *Hobbyhorse Hitching Post* in the September ROTARIAN, I have received several letters from interested Rotarians asking for samples of wood for different projects which they are carrying on; even a horned toad from Texas was offered in exchange.

A Compliment for Rotary

From RABBI MORRIS A. SKOP, *Rotarian*
Congregation Ohev Shalom
Orlando, Florida

A Toot for Institutes! In the October ROTARIAN reminds me I should like to give a "toot" for Rotary on the very point Author Manoh Leide-Tedesco makes—viz., Rotary's practical internationality.

It has been my good fortune to be a member of the Orlando, Florida, Rotary Club for the past three and a half years. I am the only Jew in the Club of over 150 men. During the period of my membership, world conditions have made the word "Jew" a byword in daily conversation. When the tragic occurrences in Germany became world news, most Jews in America became very self-conscious. Some became so sensitive and obsessed with the thought as to what their non-Jewish neighbors were thinking that they either avoided non-Jewish society or kept to themselves in the hope that they would not be noticed. Every remark about a Jew or Jews became an electric shock. Jews were on the alert in judging their neighbors by any comment about Hitler and the Jewish situation in various parts of the world. Every Jewish name which appeared in the newspapers was anxiously scrutinized less the name be mentioned in dishonor or disgrace.

Criticism of Jews, often justified, became a stab in the heart. Everywhere Jews were on the defensive and careful.

How different is the feeling in a Rotary Club! Wherever I made up my attendance, and my name was called, there was no denying my identity. I was a rabbi, hence a Jew. What respect has been shown me! I have yet to hear in Rotary any disparaging remark about Jews as a group.

Yes, I have had men talk to me personally about "that Jew" or "those Jews," but never "the Jews." And the remarks made about individual Jews have often made my heart bleed, because I realized (and admitted) that we also have our problem cases. And I usually point out to my Christian neighbor that the Jews who cause us the greatest hurt are the very ones who have broken away from the moorings of their people's teachings and ideals.

What a tribute to the Orlando Rotary Club that at the height of Jew hatred in Germany, and the rumors of the spread of anti-Semitism in America, the Club appointed me for the past two years the Chairman of its International Service Committee. Jews may not be fit to live with in Germany and Italy, but in America, and in Rotary, cultured Americans could ask a Jew and rabbi to head an active Committee interested in international relations, and then give him encouragement and praise.

I'm proud to be a member of Rotary, where truly civilized men treat others as brothers.

Every Driver Should Read It

Says W. W. NEWTON, Rotarian
Vice-Pres., Geotechnical Corporation
Dallas, Texas

I was very much impressed by the article *Murder by Gasoline*, by Renzo Dee Bowers in the August, 1941, ROTARIAN. In my opinion this article should be read by every driver in the United States.

The Artist Is No Printer

Points Out H. B. TYSELL, Publisher
Marshall County Journal
Britton, South Dakota

I was especially interested in the three ROTARIAN articles pertaining to the newspaper business [*Have Country Editors Gone Soft?*—debate-of-the-month for August, and *Two Thousand Thursdays*, by Maude Krake Backlund, September issue]. I had read a review of the McDaniel-Rand debate before in *The Publishers' Auxiliary*.*

Needless to say, both debaters are right in some respects, and neither is



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

CANADA

A ROYAL WELCOME AWAITS YOU AT CANADA'S ROYAL FAMILY OF HOTELS

MONTREAL—Mount Royal Hotel
Rotary meets Tuesday
NIAGARA FALLS, Canada—General Brock
Rotary meets Tuesday
HAMILTON, Ont.—Royal Connaught
Rotary meets Thursday
WINDSOR, Ont.—Prince Edward
Rotary meets Monday

DIRECTION VERNON G. CARDY

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ALABAMA
BIRMINGHAM—TUTWILER. 500 rooms. Direction Dinkler Hotels. Excellent service. R. Hurt Orndorff, Vice-Pres. & Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50 up. RM Wednesday, 12:30.

ARIZONA
TUCSON—PIONEER HOTEL. New, modern, 250 outside rooms. J. M. Procter, Manager. Rates: Summer, \$3-\$10; Winter, \$5-\$15. RM Wednesday, 12:15.

CALIFORNIA
OAKLAND—HOTEL OAKLAND. On main traffic arteries. Parking handy. 500 outside rooms. H. B. Klingensmith, Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$3 up. RM Thursdays, 12:15.

SAN FRANCISCO—STEWART HOTEL. Down town on Geary St. above Union Square. Chas. A. Stewart, Prop. Rates, single with bath, from \$2.50. Excellent cuisine.

CONNECTICUT
DANBURY—HOTEL GREEN. 120 Clean, Comfortable Rooms. Quality Food. Moderate Prices. F. C. Brown, Manager-Owner. RM Wed., 12:15.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

ON HISTORIC PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE
WILLARD HOTEL
H. P. SOMERVILLE, Managing Dir.
ROTARY MEETS WED. 12:30
WASHINGTON, D. C.

FLORIDA
TAMPA—HILLSBORO. See and Enjoy Florida From Tampa's Hotel Hillsboro—300 Spacious Rooms. Single \$2-\$4; Double \$4-\$7. RM Tuesdays 12:15. John M. Crandall, Mgr.

GEORGIA
ATLANTA—ANSLEY HOTEL. 400 rooms of solid comfort in the downtown section. A Dinkler Hotel. L. L. Tucker, Jr., Res. Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50 up. RM Monday, 12:30.

ILLINOIS

HOTEL SHERMAN
CHICAGO
HEADQUARTERS—ROTARY CLUB OF CHICAGO
for over twenty-five years
Luncheon on Tuesday

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS—ST. CHARLES. Accommodations for 1,000 guests. Direction Dinkler Hotels. John J. O'Leary, Vice-Pres. & Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$3.00 up. RM Wed., 12:15.

MICHIGAN

DETROIT—HOTEL WOLVERINE. "Best Buy in Detroit." 500 modern, newly equipped rooms, all with tub and shower. Frank Walker, Manager. Rates: \$2.50 up.

MISSOURI

ST. LOUIS—KINGS-WAY HOTEL. Kingshighway at W. Pine. 300 rooms. Charm and comfort and genuine hospitality. John K. Bryan, Mgr. Rates: \$1.50 up.

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY—HOTEL CLARIDGE. "The Skyscraper by the Sea." 400 rooms with bath; 3 ocean decks; health baths. Gerald R. Trimble, General Manager.

ATLANTIC CITY—HOTEL DENNIS. Central on the beach. Excellent table, both plans. Card-rooms. Health-baths. Truly "a resort within a resort." Walter J. Busby, Inc.

NEW YORK

NEW YORK CITY—BARBIZON-PLAZA. New, at Central Park (6th Ave. and 58th St.). Rates: from \$3 single, \$5 double. Continental breakfast included. Booklet RP.

NEW YORK CITY—PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL. 14 East 28th St. (near Fifth Ave.). Rotarians receive special attention. 1000 rooms with bath from \$2.50. George H. Newton, Mgr.

NORTH CAROLINA

GREENSBORO—O. HENRY. 300 rooms. A modern hotel designed for comfort. Direction Dinkler Hotels. W. J. Black, Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50 up.

OHIO

CINCINNATI—HOTEL GIBSON. Cincinnati's largest, 1000 rooms—1000 baths. Restaurants and some guest rooms air-conditioned. Randall Davis, Gen. Mgr. RM Thurs., 12:15.

GRANVILLE—THE GRANVILLE INN & GOLF COURSE, INC. Ohio's smartest small hotel. Excellent accommodations. Eu. \$2.50 up. 18 hole course. J. R. Young, Manager.

PENNSYLVANIA

BELLEVUE-STRATFORD IN PHILADELPHIA



Among the World's First
Half Dozen Hotels

Headquarters: Rotary Club of Phila.
Meetings held Wednesdays, 12:30

CLAUDE H. BENNETT, Gen. Mgr.

TEXAS

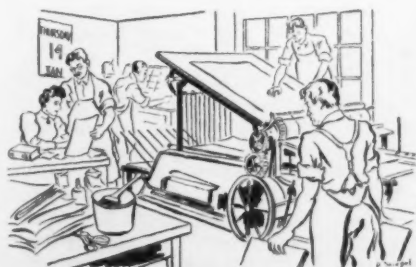
CORPUS CHRISTI—NUECES HOTEL. Excellent Cuisine. In Heart of Business District. Sensible Prices. J. E. Barrett, Manager. Eu. \$2.50 up.

VIRGINIA

RICHMOND—THE JEFFERSON. An unusual hotel—delightful location—reasonable rates—illustrated booklet Historic Richmond gratis. Wm. C. Rorer, General Manager.

ROTARIANS TRAVEL

They use good hotel accommodations...
They buy good food... This directory
is their guide... It reaches more than
170,000 business and professional men
and their families... Is your hotel rep-
resented? Rates are reasonable.
For complete details write THE ROTARIAN,
35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois.



right in others. As we have progressed in many things, we have left behind the old blood-and-thunder type of journalism and, I believe, have moved on into something better and more constructive. As all people do not approach perfection, so do few journalists. However, I

* This well-known newspaper for publishers reprinted the debate, and in several consecutive issues gave many columns to a lively "postmortem" altercation among readers, most of whom insisted that country editors have NOT gone soft.—EDS.

think, as a class, those who follow journalism measure up higher than do the members of most other trades or professions. One reason is that they are constantly on trial before the public bar. If they make too many mistakes, they soon find themselves on the outside looking in.

The artist for Mrs. Backlund's article is not a practical printer, I take it [see cut], else how would he be able to keep his "take" or "lift" of paper on the feed



NEPHEW PHIL - HE'S AT CAMP AND HAS TIME TO READ



JIM PURLIN - FRIEND AND BUSINESS ASSOCIATE



DICK IS GIVING HIS ALL AT OLD SIWASH



JANE - ALSO OUT OF TOWN - AT SCHOOL



AUNT EM - LIVES DOWN ON THE FARM



THE PERSON YOU ALWAYS FORGET 'TILL THE LAST MINUTE!

Have Santa Claus come EVERY month to your non-Rotarian friends. They will like THE ROTARIAN. It is especially welcome on the reading tables of business and professional men, club women, students, and now, of course, the boys at camp . . . in fact, anyone who likes to read. . . Just fill out the inserted postal card (see page 8) and drop it in the mailbox. . . Or, if you prefer, send the check (\$1.50 U.S. and Canada) now to THE ROTARIAN, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois. . . If the recipient reads or studies Spanish, he will also enjoy REVISTA ROTARIA, sent anywhere for \$1.25 per year. . . An attractive gift card will announce your gifts.

board? I fear it would slide down onto the cylinder faster than the press could take it. The cylinder is rather small in diameter and the "fly" tapes seem to run perpendicularly instead of on a slant.

Reminds me of a movie I once saw in which Will Rogers was supposed to be publishing a small-town newspaper. The technician should have employed a printer to check his errors. Another laugh I get is watching the pandemonium usually depicted in a big daily newspaper newsroom just before the paper is going to press. Those I have visited at that hour are usually very orderly and well organized. If they operated as the movies would have us believe, few newspapers would make the deadline.

A Tip for Dentists

*From A. M. SHOWALTER, Physician
Governor, Rotary District 186
Christiansburg, Virginia*

I thought you might be interested in the following letter from a Greenville, Tennessee, Rotarian who acted upon the suggestion I made while visiting his Club last week to keep the copies of THE ROTARIAN in circulation in the community after the Club members had finished with them:

Acting upon your suggestion, I have this afternoon given my August and September issues of THE ROTARIAN to a dentist. These have been placed on the reading table in his waiting room.

The dentist was very enthusiastic about having these magazines where his waiting patients could read them. He suggested that about the tenth of each month he would call and if I had finished reading the magazine, he would take it and put it on his table.

'A Real Tonic'

*Says HAROLD SOAR, Rotarian
Employment-Exchange Executive
Stockton-on-Tees, England*

The June number of THE ROTARIAN is excellent. It is a real tonic. Articles and pictures all good.

Impressions of a 'One-Year-Old'

*By E. A. STOKDYK, Rotarian
Coöperative Finance Manager
Berkeley, California*

Reading I'm the 'Baby' of My Club in the August ROTARIAN reminded me that I became a Rotarian just a year ago. Here, therefore, is a report from a "baby" now one year old:

I've visited 14 Rotary Clubs in the past year, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Most Rotary programs are tops. On several occasions I've felt that if the remainder of the year's programs were duds, the one I had just heard was worth a year's attendance.

There is a marked difference, however, in the impressions one gets of various Clubs as a visitor. At one Club I was greeted by the person who took up the tickets with "Go on in—I think you can find some place among the other boys." At another Club a greeter asked my name, Club, and classification and then [Continued on page 60]



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THE ROTARIAN Magazine is indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*

We Have with Us—

Genial HARRISON E. HOWE is well known to Rotarians, for he has been

an international Director and several times a Committeeman. But chemists know him, too, for he is editor of *Industrial and Engineering Chemistry*, publication of the American Chemical Society. His contribution to our "A World to LIVE In" series combines authority with lucid exposition.

CHANNING POLLOCK, the press agent who graduated to a successful career as a playwright, never sets words on

paper without challenging cerebration, as his frequent articles in THE ROTARIAN bear witness. Best known of his plays are *The Fool* and *The Enemy*. At an age when many men are planning to retire, he is planning increased activities, and expects to improve his work as he goes along. His recent book, *The Adventures of a Happy Man*, is in its seventh edition.



Pollock

Now, a man who dictates to his wife: MYRON M. STEARNS, who hates to type-write. Once, however, when he had to do it himself or not get it done, he sat down to his typewriter and pounded out a story that won him \$25,000 in a safety campaign.

EDITH M. STERN is proud of being one of the few folk to be born on Manhattan Island, but now lives and writes in Takoma Park, Maryland, a suburb of Washington, D. C.



Howe



Edith Stern

—THE CHAIRMEN

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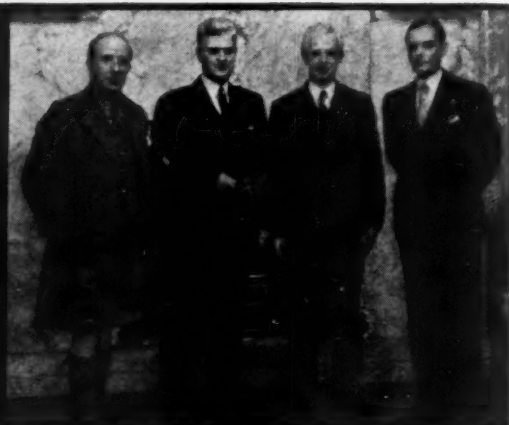
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ROTARY'S President, Tom Davis, met at Hamilton, Bermuda, by (left to right) E. H. Watlington, Past Governor Sir Stanley Spurling, J. J. Arnold, President R. D. Aitken, L. H. Smart, Vice-President W. S. Purvis, and J. J. Outerbridge, Past Club Presidents save as noted.

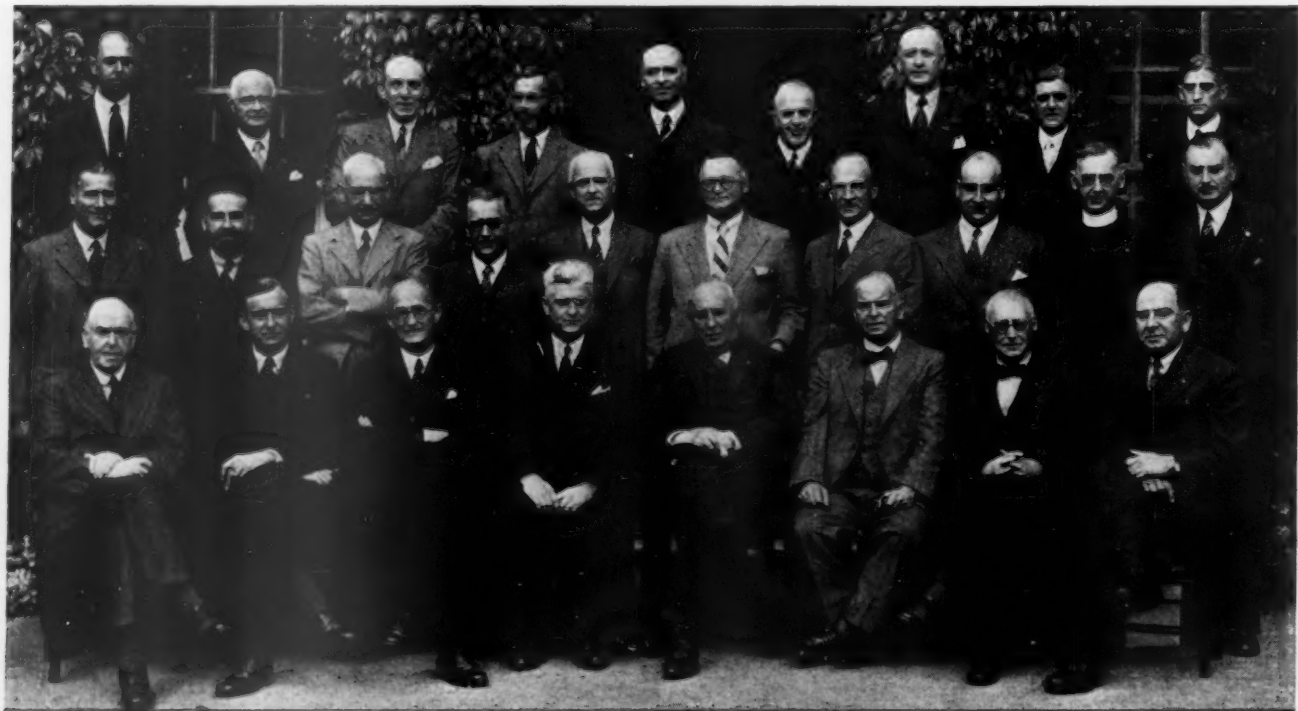


LADIES of "The Inner Wheel," as the wives of English Rotarians call themselves, entertained President Davis at Wolverhampton, First Vice-President Warren's home.



GLASGOW, Scotland: Rotarian Ian McPherson, Tom Davis, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, Sir Noel Charles.

OXFORD welcomes the Council of R.I.B.I. Seated, center: 1st Vice-President T. A. Warren, President Tom Davis, R.I.B.I. President T.D. Young.



Photos: (left center) Wolverhampton Express & Star; (bottom) Gillman & Soame

My Clipper Trip to England

By **Tom J. Davis**

President, Rotary International

Rotary's President reports on his visit with Rotarians in Bermuda, Portugal, and embattled Great Britain.

SHORTLY after entering my term of office, I received a cable from England—from T. D. Young, President of R.I.B.I. (Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland), asking me to come to Britain in behalf of Rotary. Shortly after, T. A. Warren, First Vice-President of Rotary International, cabled in much the same vein.

Since it was best for Rotary that its international President and First Vice-President have a consultation and that there be a personal contact between British Rotarians and the international offices, I flew to England from the United States.

Apart from the official duties of the trip, I had one big question to examine for Rotary: How is Rotary in Great Britain functioning under war conditions?

I came back with three impressions that I must share with you.

First—as to my own question: Rotary in Great Britain is, under the superb leadership of Tom Young and the General Council of R.I.B.I., stronger and better than it ever has been.

I visited 14 Clubs in my brief stay. Every meeting was an intercity meeting, and every one was crowded. It meant something for these men, with their duties (as I shall tell later), to give up time and precious "petrol" to travel to these gatherings, but it was worth it for them to meet with their fellows and see an official visitor from Rotary International.

Let me say here that while there must be many "I's" in this narrative, I have no illusions about it. It was not Tom Davis—it was Rotary International in the person of its President—who was greeted, fêted, honored. So where you meet an "I," just think of it as "Rotary," for that is what is meant.

Rotary Clubs in Britain are gaining members, not losing them; nearly 600 were added in a twelve-month. New Clubs are being or-

ganized—two in the past year. Rotary today is building better in Great Britain than ever before!

Why is this? My second great impression is that the Rotarians of Great Britain have recognized their responsibility to and in the community—and are discharging that responsibility wonderfully well.

It will not surprise readers who follow THE ROTARIAN's monthly reports that I did not meet a Rotarian in my travels who was not taking part in some one of the vital and necessary works of his community. Rotarians are serving as air-raid wardens, fire wardens, volunteer firemen, fire watchers, hospital workers, in control rooms—there isn't a community activity in which Rotarians are not serving.

To me, Rotarians of Britain have epitomized the spirit of service and the teachings of Rotary. Here, under the most frightful exemplification of man's inhumanity to man that this world has ever witnessed, Rotary is marvelously demonstrating its usefulness by deeds, not words. Every Rotarian in Britain is doing his job—be it great or small, mental or menial. Not only his regular job, but his communal job, as well.

The third imprint this visit has made on me is the enormous prestige and influence of Rotary in Britain.

Every door, be it official or private, was opened to me—that is, to Rotary. I did not need to knock—it was open.

The London *Times*, for instance, entertained me at one of its famous "board dinners"—in honor of Rotary. When I could not attend on the date set, a special one was arranged. I saw the newspaper made, from the writing of the news and editorials—one after another of the *Times*' famous editors acted as my host—until the distinguished Geoffrey Dawson, chief editor, took me to see

the new presses. Since the damage to the *Times*' premises some months ago, the presses have been dropped underground, until the new headquarters and pressroom are entirely bombproof!

As the first copy of that day's *Times* rolled off the press, Mr. Dawson picked it up, autographed it, and presented it to me as a memento.

Three Cabinet Ministers invited me to see them. With Anthony Eden, I had a most interesting half hour. Three times I tried to leave, for I knew he was swamped with work, but he kept on with new questions. Finally, I started for the door, and he walked with me; suddenly he drew me back to see the view from his window.

"Mr. Secretary," I said, "I should think that when decisions of such awful import are to be made, and you hesitate to make them, this impressive view would help you."

"Mr. Davis," Eden answered, "that's just what I do—come here, and decide." Then he walked back with me, out of his office into the corridor, and I went from No. 10 Downing Street to the door of the car that was waiting for me.

AT THE Admiralty I saw things that the Admiral told me were not seen by 49 out of every 50 men who held passes to the enclosure!

Why? Because of the respect and prestige that Rotary has earned. It wasn't for Tom Davis—it was an honor and trust shown to Rotary.

Wherever I went, in each of the 14 localities I visited—and I travelled in Scotland and Wales, as well as England—the Lord Mayor and the Lord Provost of the town entertained for me. At one reception the Lord Mayor, impressive in his robes and chains of office, greeted me officially, and then, lifting up the lapel of his coat, pointed to the Rotary Past Presi-

dent's pin he was wearing there.

"And now, President Tom," he said, "I've put this on so that I can greet you again as a Rotarian." And a Lord Mayor whom we visited told that he was not a member of his city's Rotary Club, because his classification was filled, and asked Tom Young if there were some way he might be accepted!

AT COVENTRY a tremendous crowd had gathered outside of the building where the reception was held. I heard a lot of remarks, but I prize one most: "I'd know he was an American—look at his 'Tom Mix' hat!"

I prize another memento of my visit to Coventry. At the Cathedral, the lovely, ruined Cathedral, the provost told me that they wanted to make me a gift; and presented me with a cross made of two ancient iron spikes from the Cathedral, bound together with silver wire. That souvenir of suffering, of bravery, I shall ever treasure.

When I was in the Custom House at Foynes, an official glancing over my papers said, "Tom Davis? Why, you're the President of Rotary International!" And when I agreed, he introduced himself as a member of the Dublin Rotary Club.

Whatever inspired the ruthless destruction of Britain's hallowed shrines and priceless relics was as mistaken in the psychology of the people as can possibly be. Instead of filling hearts with dread and terror, it has stiffened backbones into rods of steel.

One night Tom Young and I arrived in a city only an hour after "Jerry" had left. We went out with the official inspection. I stood by and saw the set jaw and stony eyes of a man who came home from his work to watch workmen dig from what had been his home the bodies of first his wife, then his older daughter and son, and last his little 8-year-old curly-headed daughter.

I spoke to an old woman who was pawing through the rubble of her home for a few keepsakes. As she spoke with me, she uncovered a little china dog, and all unconsciously she pressed it to her breast as she told me, "Oh, it might have been so much worse!"

Yes, an 18-year-old girl, her eyes

red with tears for her father, just killed in the *blitz*, said the same: "It could be worse."

There are no mock heroics. There is no parade of virtue. It's there, deep down in every man, woman, and child. It's real. Every blow but raises their chins, already up, a notch higher!

The impressive thing about it is the fact that everyone insists that it's the other fellow who has the dangerous job—his own is just routine. The captain of one of the destroyers that was in the *Bismarck* chase and battle assured me that it was no more dangerous than any seagoing duty. It's the people at home who have the dangerous tasks! And the leader of a group of bomb removers, those heroes who dig up and destroy delayed-action bombs, was equally vehement in insisting that his work was purely a matter of course, without any special danger. That's the spirit I always encountered. There's a job to do!

I went into munitions works, and saw girls handling cranes and lathes and micrometers and grimy tools. I spoke with them.

"What did you do before the war? Were you trained for this?" I asked them—and they had come to these shops from dairies, from sculleries, from behind counters; they had learned their trades on the job itself.

"What are you doing this for," I asked one girl. "For a fine living, or for King and country?"

"Sir," she answered, "for both!"

I saw a man raise over his newly *blitzed* store a placard. "Cheerio!" it read, and then came pictures of the King and Queen—and one more line: "One day nearer victory!"

A people who will not be conquered cannot be conquered!

I had a delightful visit on the way back with the Rotary Clubs in Portugal. They have been extremely active in service, both for their countrymen and for the many, many refugees who pass through their country. Under the leadership of such men as Ermete Pires, Ernesto S. Bastos, and Francisco Pinto, all Past Presidents of the Lisbon Club, to name but a few, the five Clubs are growing stronger every month. Five new Clubs will be ready to organize when peace makes it possible.

All five Clubs met in an inter-city meeting for me at the old palace of the Kings of Portugal some miles from the capital, at which every Club was well represented.


I had feared that our flight schedule would not permit a visit with the Rotarians of Bermuda, but a layover of some hours at Hamilton on the way out permitted an impromptu gathering of many Rotarians, including Sir S. Stanley Spurling, Immediate Past Governor of the 174th District, and President Aitken and Secretary Munro, of the Hamilton Rotary Club, at which we had opportunity to discuss many Rotary matters.

To recapitulate: In Bermuda, in Portugal, and in Great Britain, Rotary is definitely stronger, better, and healthier than ever before. In these countries, too, the individual Rotarians have proved, under emergencies, that they know the responsibility of a Rotarian to his community and his Club.

I do want to pay tribute to the officers of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland, to Tom Young and all the members of the General Council, and to our First Vice-President — genial, hard-working Tom Warren, whose radio message so thrilled us at the Denver Convention in June. Also, my thanks for the helpful services of Secretary F. C. Hickson, whom the Council allowed to accompany me in my journeyings. And to the Rotary officers in Portugal, working so marvellously well under unusual handicaps, I wish to make a special bow.

But, above all, to the people of Britain, unconquered, unconquerable, I raise my hand in salute to fortitude and bravery unparalleled in the entire history of civilization.

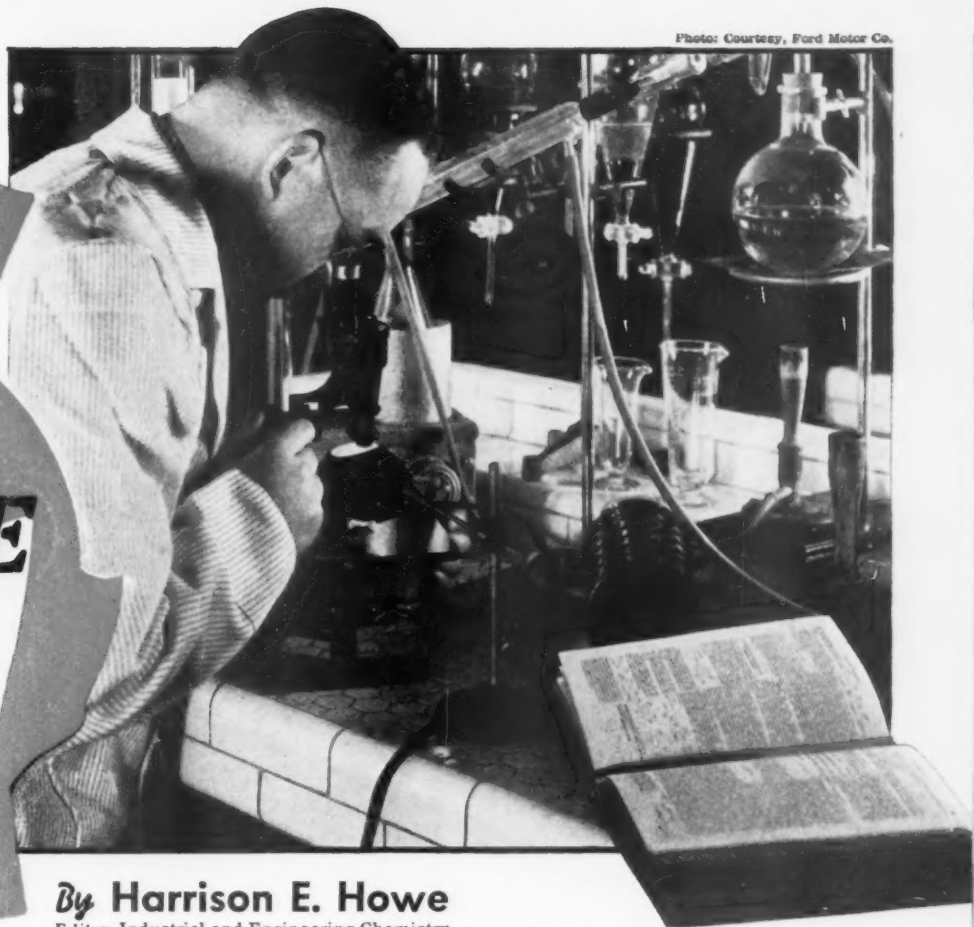
An Epilogue from Britain

 From Rotary's First Vice-President, T. A. Warren, of Wolverhampton, England, comes this cable:

PRESIDENTIAL VISIT SUCCESSFUL BEYOND WIDEST POSSIBLE HOPE. TRIUMPHS FOR PRESIDENT, AND THROUGH HIM FOR ROTARY AND FOR UNDERSTANDING. ROTARY MAY TRULY COUNT THIS FORTNIGHT AMONGST ITS OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENTS. TOM DAVIS HAS THE RESPECTFUL AND PROUD SALUTE OF HIS FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT—

TOM WARREN.

Help Science OUTMODE WAR!



By **Harrison E. Howe**
Editor, Industrial and Engineering Chemistry

LET US start with a little supposing.

Let us suppose that after centuries of cropping, farm lands of certain densely populated countries were impoverished and their yield of food declined to the danger point. A plant food desperately needed was to be found only in a single country. But that country, realizing it had a natural monopoly, pushed the price up—up so high that the needy countries decided to take the fertilizer by armed force.

Now let us suppose, further, that while all this was going on, scientists had been quietly working over steaming test tubes and noisome retorts. Then, at the dramatic moment, when armies and navies were ready to strike, the laboratory workers made this announcement: The coveted fertilizer could be made *from the air*! Blood need not be shed and future generations need not be put in bondage to a war-made debt!

A fairy tale? Yes, of a sort. But what I next relate is sober history.

Hardly 50 years ago the pre-

diction was made that soon the world's wheat production would decline dangerously because not enough fertilizer—nitrates, to be specific—was freely available. Spurred by that prediction, scientists labored and actually did invent a way to combine the nitrogen and hydrogen of the air, thanks to high temperatures and pressures and the development of catalysis. No longer was a great fleet of cargo ships needed to convey nitrates from the rich deposits in Chile to the ends of the earth, nor for battleships to protect that fleet. With her natural monopoly broken, Chile was forced to alter her economy, calling upon another group of scientists to save her national industry.

The Affair of the Nitrates is a tremendously important event, though I doubt if conventional history textbooks give it more than a mention. It is important because it provides a case study in realistic *modern* international relations. Also, it makes lucid two complementary tidal-wave trends in the civilizing process:

1. Science making the world

economically interdependent (by the creation of needs for rubber, oil, nickel, etc.).

2. Science breaking down natural monopolies and man-made barriers (cartels and tariffs and wars) to trade.

The Versailles Treaty makers took cognizance of the first, but pact makers of the future must increasingly understand the second if the world is ever to break the curse of Mars. For while it is true that the books tell of a few instances of nations going to war for altruistic motives, the vast majority of blood baths on our planet have been motivated by an economic urge, an intent to take coveted natural resources by force.

So, to the degree that science devises ways to satisfy economic wants of people without their recourse to arms, will it remove cause for war. Eventually, the world may be politically and economically organized around essential compounds and elements for which science provides no substitutes, and around great sources of energy.

This is not to prophesy Utopia;

it simply asserts that the world does move and in this direction. We shall continue to have many of our old problems—racial minorities, small nations, imperialism, “self-determination,” and the like—but they will take on a new focus. New problems will arise also—restoring economic equilibrium in lands bereft of markets, for example. Yet in the very inevitability of technological progress is new hope.

There is nothing mysterious about the way science operates. Technological skill and knowledge obey the law of supply and demand as do butter and eggs or bricks and watches. Research is stimulated by the scarcity of a raw material, high prices, inaccessibility, or by the fact it is subject to a natural or national monopoly. Let any of those factors become acute, and the race is on.

Camphor supplies an interesting illustration. Long a natural monopoly of Japan, its price rose during World War I from 30 to 40 cents per pound to ten times that figure. But the world needed camphor, needed it in the manufacture of plastics and film as well

amine the old synthetic-camphor problem, a new method for its manufacture was perfected. Today the United States can supply its own requirements in all grades. The raw material used is ordinary turpentine, made from the sap of pine trees.

Or take rubber. Its native habitat is in South America. Transplanted to the Far East under scientific controls, such quantities were produced that a huge surplus resulted. Research men then discovered literally thousands of new uses, and the threat to the equilibrium of the economy of Malaya was averted.

But rubber is a natural monopoly of the Tropics. That was a challenge to laboratories in Europe and America to produce a synthetic product not dependent upon the vagaries of ocean transportation and tariffs and wars. Other researchers were led on by a desire to create a rubber less susceptible to heat and oil, and usable in scores of places where the natural rubber was unsatisfactory. The first commercially available synthetic rubberlike material was offered in the United

to say nothing of the potentialities of new rubber plantations in Brazil—should make the Americas less apprehensive about a possible loss of rubber from the Far East. There was a time when men might have fought for rubber. The scientist believes that time is past.

If you are an American, do you remember back to the day in World War times when the submarine *Deutschland* appeared in Baltimore harbor? Do you recall her cargo? It was dyes, pharmaceuticals, and other concentrated products of the coal-tar chemical industry. Surely you remember the advice of the then Ambassador Count von Bernstorff to his Government to restrict the flow of dyestuffs and medicinals so that textile and paper industries and patients in hospitals would make such an outcry as to break American neutrality.

But Germany's national monopoly failed as an instrument of national policy because chemists in other lands were able to meet the emergency. Today the whole world, especially the Western Hemisphere, benefits because American chemists and industry

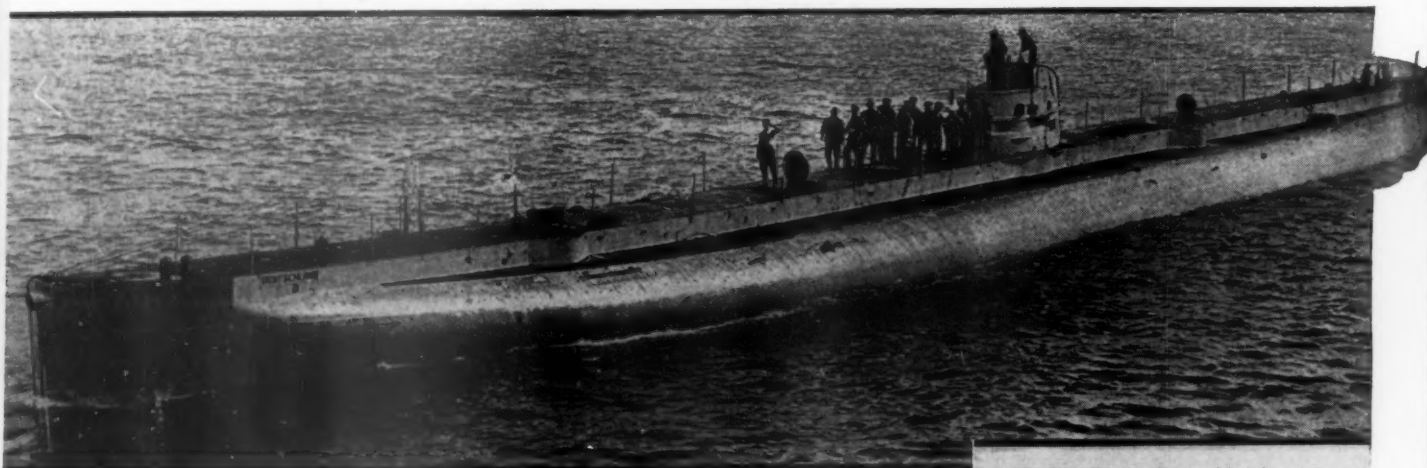


Photo: Acme

as for medicine. As the price soared, synthetic camphor went on the market in Europe and in the United States. The American product was costly and impure, while European synthetic camphor was suitable for industrial requirements, but not for the pharmacist. Even this competition was enough to break the price as well as the monopoly on the natural product. Then in 1929, when the depression gave time to one research laboratory to reëx-

States, though most of the publicity went to efforts of Germany and Russian chemists. Now, numerous synthetic rubbers are on the market.

The earlier rubber made from goldenrod and other plants, even the guayule, are now of less importance than those made from raw materials such as lime, carbon, salt, petroleum, and water. That fact, together with what is known about reclaiming rubber from old tires, tubes, and so on—

REMEMBER the *Deutschland* running the Allied blockade in 1916 with its precious cargo? But America is no longer dependent upon Germany for dyestuffs and other chemicals.

awoke to the high desirability of being independent in these vital lines. Scientists who labor in the field of medicinal, pharmaceutical, and organic chemical research now can smile with pardonable pride over their achievements in recent years, but it was no laughing matter in 1917-18.

Cleopatra never worried her



Photos: (left) Palmer from Black Star; (below) Press Assn., Inc.; Acme



pretty head about petroleum and Napoleon's Army travelled on its stomach, so it is said, not on gasoline-propelled wheels. But today oil is a world-wide necessity. Indeed, there are those who have said wars have been, are, and will be fought for it. What, you ask, can science do about that?

Well, early in the present century Germany was distressed by the absence of petroleum within her borders and her chemists were stirred to work on the problem. Just a few years ago they perfected the Bergius process on a small scale, soon followed by another to be credited to Fischer and Tropsch, for producing crude oil-like products by adding hydrogen gas to tar from brown coal, or by the combination of carbon monoxide and hydrogen. Further treatment of the resulting substances yielded, in one case, a reasonably satisfactory motor fuel of medium octane rating, and, in the other, a type of crude oil from which a motor fuel, lubricating oil, and paraffin could be recovered.

Besides these *ersatz* fuels, motors have been designed to use gas from coal and charcoal briquets, carrying the generators on the motor vehicle, and manufactured gas compressed in cylinders has also served a large number of vehicles, particularly trucks and busses. These materials were far from perfect, but they served Germany well before the present war by making her less dependent on imported fuels for internal-com-

SCIENCE makes new international problems. For example, what will this Malayan worker do if synthetic rubber (above) elbows the natural product off the market?

AND WHAT of the silk, cotton, and wool growers and spinners around the world if milady takes a fancy to this gown? It was made from limestone, air, coke, and salt!





PLASTIC PLANES are next! . . . In this test the torch left the plastic sheet unscathed but burned through the alloy which had been developed as an improvement over the older materials used in airplane construction.



TUNG TREES grow fast: this one is only a year old. But tung farming in the United States may have a setback if the chemists succeed in making a tung-oil substitute out of the oil of the versatile soybeans (below).



bustion engines, and now constitute at least the major portion of her supply. Had petroleum and its products been forcibly withheld from Germany, that could easily have become a cause for war. But, thanks to science, the scarcity of such fuel within the Reich cannot be considered one of the major causes of the present conflict.

I now approach, not without temerity, the subject of silken hose. While I would not suggest that a war might be fought to insure the constant supply of the material from which they are made, yet I do set down the observation that the announcement of the probability of a stoppage of silk importation from the Far East caused a tumultuous assault upon many a department-store counter.

But science has something to say here, also. Fibers that will answer the purpose of glamour quite well and actually excel silk in some of its properties have already come from the laboratories and are in commercial-scale production. Even though one synthetic fiber may not possess all the desired characteristics of silk, another may—or, at least, do so sufficiently well to meet all real needs. If the production seems to lag behind demand, let it be remembered that development at a normal rate has a real advantage. It enables the manufacturer to take full advantage of good advice: make mistakes on a small scale and successes on a large one.

Vanilla-flavored ice cream is a favorite the world around, but the story of how a synthetic product, vanillin, replaced the vanilla extract, made from the vanilla bean, is veritable ancient history to the chemist. Vanillin has been made from coal tar for years, but more recently has become a by-product of the manufacture of paper pulp from spruce by the sulphite process.

Papermaking, too, has undergone a revolution. Scientists have discovered how to make good pulp from the rapidly growing slash pine, of the Southern United States, and the abundant hardwoods in the Northeast. In resins as well, America has declared its independence from the restrictions and transportation difficulties of the fossil gums formerly

imported from desert regions of the Far East. Synthetic resins have been on the market for years, and are currently finding new uses in the replacement of light metal parts.

Tung oil is in the news. It is an important ingredient in various products, especially paints and varnishes. Most of it comes from China, but assuming that shipments have negotiated the precarious Burma Road, they still must be piled up on the docks awaiting safe transportation. Horticultural scientists made a start at growing tung trees several years ago, but without much information about it. They persevered, however, and the 1941 crop of tung nuts in the United States may produce 5 million pounds of high-grade oil, a rather small amount in comparison with the nearly 100 million pounds formerly imported.

But what of the prospects for synthetic tung oil or substitutes? Chemists have discovered that by taking a molecule of water out of the castor-oil molecule, they have an unsaturated molecule that makes of this oil a very satisfactory supplement—one might almost say an equivalent—of tung oil. Similar work on soybean oil, making it an unsaturated or drying oil, is promising and may yield independence from tung or China-wood oil altogether.

The story of quinine is typical. It long has been a favorite drug for combating fevers, but again cinchona bark, from which it is made, is a natural monopoly of the Tropics. Chemists trying to produce it in the laboratory have discovered several useful new products, including two substances which get some of the results of true quinine. That only means the search will go on until Nature yields up her secret.

And so the scientist works, striving always to make more accessible to more people the good and the needed things of the earth. But there is a hitch in this process to which attention must be called. I go back to our story of the Affair of the Nitrates to make the point.

Fear of a predicted food shortage, you will recall, launched the research. Its objective was humanitarian, its achievement bril-

liant. But how were man-made nitrates first used? Not by those who sought to alleviate distress of the underfed, but by men to wage war! The first World War definitely awaited the demonstration of successful fixation of atmospheric nitrogen, which could be relied upon to supply nitrates for explosives, before the attack began.

Science can achieve modern miracles, but as Dr. Arthur H. Compton, Nobel Prize winner in physics, has so well put it in these columns, "Science is not enough." Science can help avoid famines by raising the yields and distributing the crops of agriculture and horticulture. It can seek out and destroy those centers of infection that might lead to world epidemics. It can ease pain, promote health, and assist in lengthening the span of man's period of usefulness. It can help men to live with each other in comfort and with an increasingly high standard of living. But it

cannot do these things alone. Science needs the direction of men of goodwill.

Scientists themselves now recognize this. They must do more than to make their contributions to human knowledge. They must realize that the ability to loose new energies carries the responsibility aptly voiced in the hope of a British scientist that the method for releasing the tremendous energy imprisoned in the atom will remain undiscovered until man becomes sufficiently civilized to utilize it for his weal and not for his woe.

Human beings *do* have the rights described by authors of the American Declaration of Independence as "inalienable." H. G. Wells, the brilliant English author, summarized them in the first article of this series under the title *Bases for a Lasting Peace*. The

consciences of more men must be schooled to respect them and their wills must be tempered like vanadium steel to guarantee these rights to their fellows. The churches, the schools—yes, and Rotary—can do much to create the public opinion essential if the post-war world order is to be founded on these principles. But zealous endeavor, no matter how well intentioned, cannot succeed unless accompanied by a practical understanding of how science can be used to outmode economic causes of strife among the nations of the world.

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the third article in a series "A World to LIVE In," discussing how to set up a hopeful and a healthful post-war world order. To it, H. G. Wells, English publicist, and Hendrik Willem van Loon, American historian, already have contributed; viewpoints of other distinguished leaders are to come. They will be complemented by a series of pictorials on raw products and their place in world commerce and politics.

This Changing World

1850	1875	1900	1941	1950
Prairie Schooner 3 m. p. h.	Locomotive 60 m. p. h.	Automobile 120 m. p. h.	Airplane 450 m. p. h.	?
Hand Printing Press 300 Impressions p. h.	Cylinder Press 2500 p. h.	Linotype; Hoe Press 10,000 p. h.	45,000 Folded Newspapers p. h.	?
Messenger	Telegraph	Telephone	Radio	?
Tallow Dip Whale Oil	Kerosene Gas	Incandescent Electric	Neon and Mercury Vapor	?
Daguerreotype	Tintype	Movies	Television	?
Laissez Faire	Corporations	National Trusts	International Big Business	?
U. S. Frontier at the Mississippi	Frontier in the Great Plains	End of Frontier	Conservation of Resources	?
Unfederated Germany	Unification Under Bismarck	German Imperialism	Hitler	?
Feeble Unionism	Knights of Labor	American Federation of Labor	The C. I. O.	?

Are we wise enough to comprehend the problems implied here?

Are we preparing ourselves to live here?

Adapted from The Bulletin of Hiram College



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TUNG TREES grow fast; this one is only a year old. But tung farming in the United States may have a setback if the chemists succeed in making a tung-oil substitute out of the oil of the versatile soybeans (below).



bustion engines, and now constitute at least the major portion of her supply. Had petroleum and its products been forcibly withheld from Germany, that could easily have become a cause for war. But, thanks to science, the scarcity of such fuel within the Reich cannot be considered one of the major causes of the present conflict.

I now approach, not without temerity, the subject of silken hose. While I would not suggest that a war might be fought to insure the constant supply of the material from which they are made, yet I do set down the observation that the announcement of the probability of a stoppage of silk importation from the Far East caused a tumultuous assault upon many a department-store counter.

But science has something to say here, also. Fibers that will answer the purpose of glamour quite well and actually excel silk in some of its properties have already come from the laboratories and are in commercial-scale production. Even though one synthetic fiber may not possess all the desired characteristics of silk, another may—or, at least, do so sufficiently well to meet all real needs. If the production seems to lag behind demand, let it be remembered that development at a normal rate has a real advantage. It enables the manufacturer to take full advantage of good advice: make mistakes on a small scale and successes on a large one.

Vanilla-flavored ice cream is a favorite the world around, but the story of how a synthetic product, vanillin, replaced the vanilla extract, made from the vanilla bean, is veritable ancient history to the chemist. Vanillin has been made from coal tar for years, but more recently has become a by-product of the manufacture of paper pulp from spruce by the sulphite process.

Papermaking, too, has undergone a revolution. Scientists have discovered how to make good pulp from the rapidly growing slash pine, of the Southern United States, and the abundant hardwoods in the Northeast. In resins as well, America has declared its independence from the restrictions and transportation difficulties of the fossil gums formerly

imported from desert regions of the Far East. Synthetic resins have been on the market for years, and are currently finding new uses in the replacement of light metal parts.

Tung oil is in the news. It is an important ingredient in various products, especially paints and varnishes. Most of it comes from China, but assuming that shipments have negotiated the precarious Burma Road, they still must be piled up on the docks awaiting safe transportation. Horticultural scientists made a start at growing tung trees several years ago, but without much information about it. They persevered, however, and the 1941 crop of tung nuts in the United States may produce 5 million pounds of high-grade oil, a rather small amount in comparison with the nearly 100 million pounds formerly imported.

But what of the prospects for synthetic tung oil or substitutes? Chemists have discovered that by taking a molecule of water out of the castor-oil molecule, they have an unsaturated molecule that makes of this oil a very satisfactory supplement—one might almost say an equivalent—of tung oil. Similar work on soybean oil, making it an unsaturated or drying oil, is promising and may yield independence from tung or China-wood oil altogether.

The story of quinine is typical. It long has been a favorite drug for combating fevers, but again cinchona bark, from which it is made, is a natural monopoly of the Tropics. Chemists trying to produce it in the laboratory have discovered several useful new products, including two substances which get some of the results of true quinine. That only means the search will go on until Nature yields up her secret.

And so the scientist works, striving always to make more accessible to more people the good and the needed things of the earth. But there is a hitch in this process to which attention must be called. I go back to our story of the Affair of the Nitrates to make the point.

Fear of a predicted food shortage, you will recall, launched the research. Its objective was humanitarian, its achievement bril-

liant. But how were man-made nitrates first used? Not by those who sought to alleviate distress of the underfed, but by men to wage war! The first World War definitely awaited the demonstration of successful fixation of atmospheric nitrogen, which could be relied upon to supply nitrates for explosives, before the attack began.

Science can achieve modern miracles, but as Dr. Arthur H. Compton, Nobel Prize winner in physics, has so well put it in these columns, "Science is not enough." Science can help avoid famines by raising the yields and distributing the crops of agriculture and horticulture. It can seek out and destroy those centers of infection that might lead to world epidemics. It can ease pain, promote health, and assist in lengthening the span of man's period of usefulness. It can help men to live with each other in comfort and with an increasingly high standard of living. But it

cannot do these things alone. Science needs the direction of men of goodwill.

Scientists themselves now recognize this. They must do more than to make their contributions to human knowledge. They must realize that the ability to loose new energies carries the responsibility aptly voiced in the hope of a British scientist that the method for releasing the tremendous energy imprisoned in the atom will remain undiscovered until man becomes sufficiently civilized to utilize it for his weal and not for his woe.

Human beings *do* have the rights described by authors of the American Declaration of Independence as "inalienable." H. G. Wells, the brilliant English author, summarized them in the first article of this series under the title *Bases for a Lasting Peace*. The

consciences of more men must be schooled to respect them and their wills must be tempered like vanadium steel to guarantee these rights to their fellows. The churches, the schools—yes, and Rotary—can do much to create the public opinion essential if the post-war world order is to be founded on these principles. But zealous endeavor, no matter how well intentioned, cannot succeed unless accompanied by a practical understanding of how science can be used to outmode economic causes of strife among the nations of the world.

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the third article in a series "A World to LIVE In," discussing how to set up a hopeful and a healthful post-war world order. To it, H. G. Wells, English publicist, and Hendrik Willem van Loon, American historian, already have contributed; viewpoints of other distinguished leaders are to come. They will be complemented by a series of pictorials on raw products and their place in world commerce and politics.

This Changing World

1850	1875	1900	1941	1950
Prairie Schooner 3 m. p. h.	Locomotive 60 m. p. h.	Automobile 120 m. p. h.	Airplane 450 m. p. h.	?
Hand Printing Press 300 Impressions p. h.	Cylinder Press 2500 p. h.	Linotype; Hoe Press 10,000 p. h.	45,000 Folded Newspapers p. h.	?
Messenger	Telegraph	Telephone	Radio	?
Tallow Dip Whale Oil	Kerosene Gas	Incandescent Electric	Neon and Mercury Vapor	?
Daguerreotype	Tintype	Movies	Television	?
Laissez Faire	Corporations	National Trusts	International Big Business	?
U. S. Frontier at the Mississippi	Frontier in the Great Plains	End of Frontier	Conservation of Resources	?
Unfederated Germany	Unification Under Bismarck	German Imperialism	Hitler	?
Feeble Unionism	Knights of Labor	American Federation of Labor	The C. I. O.	?

Are we wise enough to comprehend the problems implied here?

Are we preparing ourselves to live here?

Adapted from The Bulletin of Hiram College

Open the Pores of Your Heart!

Suggests Channing Pollock



"THIS roast is overdone!" growls Mr. A. Mrs. A. answers in kind, and they're off."

BILL JONES burst in on me recently with a face like an early Spring sunrise.

"The grandest thing happened to me today!" he exclaimed. "We've an office boy I picked up a year ago—selling newspapers, and down on his luck—and he made good forty ways. Well, this morning the phone rang, and a man said, 'I've got to tell you something. When I was in your place yesterday, I took a fancy to that boy of yours, and offered him a better job at \$10 more than he's making now. "Thanks," he answered, "but I'm going to stay here. Mr. Jones gave me my chance, and I'd rather work with him for coffee and cakes than with anyone else for twice the salary." Swell youngster, eh? Darned if it didn't make me glad to be alive!"

I've known Bill a quarter of a century, and he seems to be always meeting "swell" people and having grand days. It hasn't occurred to Bill yet that *he* has any-

thing to do with these experiences, and I suppose I shouldn't mention it. There is a new school of thought which holds that reference to anything right with the world, or fine in human nature, and especially to things that should or do make us "glad to be alive," constitutes being mawkish and sentimental and a pollyanna. Maybe Bill *is* sentimental, but he seems to have a much better time than the "realists," who recognize no reality that isn't disagreeable.

Asked, "Is life worth living?" an English comic weekly replied, "That depends on the liver," and perhaps that's the answer.

The smart alecks of my youth—and we had 'em, even then—used to say, "Virtue is its own and only reward." Bill Jones isn't my sole reason for doubting that this is true. I've seen too much bread that was cast upon the waters, and that returned, buttered, covered with jam, wrapped in paraffin paper, and marked, "With love."

I know a woman who sent \$50 as a Christmas present to a friend out of a job. Last Christmas the \$50 came back, wrapped up with a fur-trimmed coat. The curious part of this transaction is that the first woman had fallen on hard times, and both the check and the coat came in handy. "I might have wasted that money by spending it on myself," she told me. Of course, she might have wasted the money by giving it away, too, and, of course, I know cases where gifts or loans *haven't* come back, but, sometimes, they pay interest even then.

It isn't only money that pays interest, either. Often the greatest rewards are for some trifling and forgotten courtesy, or a pleasant word, or five minutes of helpfulness. Years ago I went into a certain tonsorial establishment on Broadway and found all the manicure girls in tears, and all the barbers looking glum.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Not going out of business?"

"No," one of the girls answered.

"Haven't you heard? Will Rogers is dead."

I doubt that Will ever did any material thing for these people; he was just kind. Another kind man, Daniel Frohman, died recently, and his funeral was one of the most impressive outpourings of respect and affection, and one of the greatest inspirations to right living, I've ever witnessed. A stenographer told her employer, a friend of mine, "I couldn't get into the church, but I waited in front of it nearly two hours. Mr. Frohman used to speak to me so pleasantly when he came to see you."

Last week I had a letter from a man who holds an important public position in New Jersey. "Did you ever live in such-and-such a hotel in New York?" he inquired. "When I was a lad, I ran an elevator in that hotel. A guest of your name talked to me a lot about good reading, and lent me a good many books. He roused my ambition, started me on my way, and I'm still looking for a chance to say, 'Thank you.'"

Of course, I don't even remember the man. If I talked to him about books, it's because I enjoy talking about books, and if I lent him a few, what did that cost me? Using Jones's pet word, I call this letter a "swell" dividend on an investment of nothing at all.

It would be a strange freak of natural history that made a pollyanna out of a chap who, like myself, has trucked on docks, worked in newspaper offices, sailed round the globe, and spent 40 years in the theater, but I do believe that "Them as gives, gets." If the "realists" insist on making life a matter of bookkeeping, I think they'll find their ledgers leaning to the profit side. Item in red ink: "Spoke cheerily to a stranger." Item in black ink: "The stranger replied even more cheerily." Did none of them ever go out of the house one day feeling grumpy, to meet only people equally grumpy, and go out the next day in a good humor to find

the whole world grown amiable?

A Midwestern physician whom I first encountered aboard a freighter from Java to China, and who brims with the milk of human kindness, was warned to beware of the head-hunters when we went ashore at a small port in Borneo. He disregarded the warning, fell in with a party of Dyaks, and returned to the ship loaded with presents they had bestowed upon him. Apparently, that sort of milk, like music, *may* soothe even a "savage beast"—though I shouldn't want you to count on it!

Still pragmatically, the cost of unkindness seems to me unreasonably high. I know one or two rich and wretched couples whose homes have been spoiled by baseless bickering.

"This roast is overdone again!" growls Mr. A., in a tone suggesting that Mrs. A. put it in the oven personally, and stood watch to see that it didn't come out until ruined. Mrs. A. answers in kind, and they're off. Almost anybody'd rather have a bad roast in good humor than the other way about, and biting your mate instead of the meat is a costly indulgence.

IN REVERSE, I have seen marriages made delightful under severe handicaps by very small kindnesses—and not necessarily material ones. A wealthy widow talked to me yesterday about a lifetime of marital happiness that ended four or five years ago. She didn't say, "George gave me every luxury," though that would have been true. She didn't even relate a story I know of how, when she crossed the continent, he had flowers waiting for her at every station. What she *did* say, with infinite tenderness and gratitude, was, "George never spoke an unkind word to me in his life."

This is the oldest subject on earth, of course, but the oldest things have to be taken out, and dusted, and looked at occasionally, lest they be forgotten. We

are so busy and preoccupied these days that we are likely to mislay the realization of how we make our lives rich by enriching other lives—and I repeat that it doesn't require checkbooks. It's healthy to open the pores of your heart; you can identify the kind people by their eyes. And, truly, it's the little kindnesses—the unexpected, undue kindnesses—that count. It should be natural to behave well to loved ones, though I have known friends, relatives, or husband and wife to say things to each other that they wouldn't have dared to say to the cook.

Glancing back over half a century through which most people have been good to me, I find myself recalling chiefly small benefactions, that cost the benefactor little or nothing, and gave both of us a great deal.

(a) Clyde Fitch's letter that hangs on my wall, written in 1905, when he was a famous dramatist, and I a young tyro. "Your *Little Gray Lady* is a big little lady, I think." Because of that, and since then, I've written everyone whose work I like, and Thornton Wilder answered my letter with a promise to carry on when I can't.

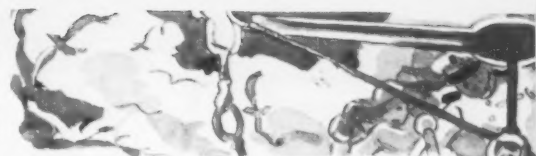
(b) A farmer in a Dutch town without a hotel who flatly declined pay for dinner, lodging, and breakfast, saying he owed us something for the chance to be hospitable.

(c) The lady I'd just met in Beaumont, Texas, who was "just leaving," and offered to drive me to a more convenient train from Houston. When we got there, I learned by accident that my convenience was her only reason for the long round trip.

(d) My first lonely Christmas in New York, when the mother of a chap I'd seen only once invited me to dine in their home.

(e) Another yuletide when a voice on the phone said, "Wrong number, but Merry Christmas, all the same!"

(f) Countless similar incidents,



AND (g) the president of the steamship company operating that dock on which I pushed freight in my youth. I wasn't used to the work, and, utterly weary, I sat on my truck. "What are you doing here?" asked the president.

"Trucking," I answered, though, obviously, I wasn't, just then.

"You're no stevedore," he said.

Seeing my job about to go glimmering, I swore that I came of a long line of successful stevedores.

The president smiled.

"Anybody can see that you never did this before," he observed, "and that you can't go on doing it. Tell the timekeeper I said you were to assist him, and that you are to have your afternoons free to look for the sort of job you're accustomed to."

Thirty years later I told that story to William Lyon Phelps, but he already knew it. "The president told me," "Billy" explained. "He was my brother-in-law, and he said the expression on your face gave him one of the most glowing moments of his life."

It's so easy to be kind that I often wonder why people are ever anything else.

And what a grand world it would be if they weren't!!



"A MIDWESTERN physician was warned to beware of head-hunters in Borneo. He disregarded the warning . . . returned to the ship loaded with presents they bestowed on him."

An ABC of Inflation



Hungarian-born Dr. Palyi, now a United States citizen, was once advisor to Germany's Reichsbank. Since 1933 he has been a lecturer and research economist in American universities.

What Is Inflation?

IN THE SPRING of 1922 I was appointed assistant professor at the Graduate School of Commerce of Berlin, Germany, with a comfortable salary. Inflation was on, and by July I couldn't make ends meet. My salary was doubled in August, again doubled in November, and again in early 1923. By April, when the dollar climbed to 18,000 marks (the parity was 4.20 marks), the authorities gave up the doubling of salaries and started adding a zero at a time. But prices rose so fast that the zeros could not keep pace. In due course I got my check with all the zeros paid out every fortnight, then every week, and, by August, every day.

One afternoon in October, 1923, I got my salary of some 2 billion marks paid out for the second time on that day. But I had to hurry to catch a streetcar which was going to raise its fare at 5 P.M. above my "monthly" check!

That incident is touched with whimsy, as I now recall it, but if anyone is inclined to overlook the human tragedy in a runaway inflation, let him read Channing Pollock's great play *The Enemy*. In it a retired Viennese professor sees his life savings cancelled out by a basket of eggs!

Such a "printing-press inflation" occurs only in countries where there is little gold in reserve to give backing to the paper money, and where monetary morale is low. Neither factor exists—thank Heaven!—in the United

States. But I remind readers that inflation is a relative term and that inflations can be big, medium, or small. Whatever the size, they have in common this basic condition: *a disproportion of the total supply of goods people want and their total demand for them.*

The key word to remember is *disproportion.*

Disproportion can originate from a general shortage of resources which runs up the price people must pay to get goods. Or it can start with a surplus of money, for when people have much money to spend, they may be willing to pay more for what they want—and often do.

Usually we think only of the monetary side of inflation. Increasing money by the simple printing-press expedient has been mentioned. A less obvious way of doing it is through credit, "book-keeping money." In this so-called "credit inflation," the actual purchasing ability of a nation's money is raised through loans from banks. It should be noted, however, that a growing money volume does not necessarily create inflation. For instance, between 1934 and 1940, American bank deposits increased 35 billion dollars without any appreciable rise in retail prices. As a rule, it is the coincidence of expanding purchasing power with an actual or anticipated shortage of goods that unleashes the inflationary spiral.

Now, let us take a brief look at conditions in the United States in the light of the foregoing.

Unless the emergency ends sud-

denly, the United States will spend for military purposes some 60 billion or more dollars, which is to be compared with 26 billion in the last war, when prices were substantially higher. This means that of a national annual income of, say, 100 billion dollars, 30 billion or more will be spent for things the private citizen does not buy: guns, planes, ships, etc. If 100 billion dollars are to be paid out to income receivers, but less than 70 billion dollars' worth of goods are available, there is but one conclusion: with more money than usual to spend and not enough goods available, people will spend all they can and therefore tend to force prices up. That is inflation.

How far will it go? No one can say, but I can call attention to a few factors to be remembered:

1. The Government's demand for defense goods is rigid.

2. The consumer's demand for goods has not been cut down by lowering incomes or by rationing. Actually, wages in the last two years have risen 70 percent and farm prices have gone up 40 percent—of which the effect is increased cost of production and a greater demand for goods.

3. If an attempt is made to increase the country's productive capacity so as to establish a new equilibrium between supply and demand of products, the new plants will absorb labor and materials and make the existing shortage more acute.

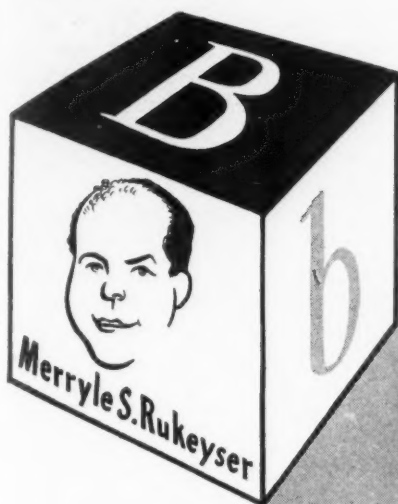
4. A shortage of goods is anticipated by and tends to be stimulated by shortages in specific fields—e.g., metals and skilled labor.

5. If a priorities system is strictly enforced, the unsatisfied purchasing power turns toward substitutes, causing their prices to mount.

6. The more prices rise and the more shortages threaten, the stronger is the public's desire to "hedge" by speculative purchases.

The foregoing illustrates the spiral nature of inflation. Economists borrow a word from the

physician and say it is "self-inflammatory," viciously aggravating its own trend. Can inflation, once started, be curbed? Must it be allowed to run its course like, say, the measles? Those are the questions I pass on to the second contributor to this symposium—and to the reader.



Illustrations by John Norment

Millions of newspaper readers see Mr. Rukeyser's syndicated daily articles on finance and national affairs. He is a former college professor and financial editor of New York papers, has written six books.

8 Curbs on Inflation

PERHAPS the most dramatic attempt to pit the human will against external forces since King Canute sought to sweep back the waves beating across the British shores is the current American fight against the inflation threat.

Inflation is a loosely employed term designed to describe a financial disease that is especially prone to attack nations during wartime. The attempt at Washington to develop antibodies against this insidious malady is an immensely interesting experiment in pursuing, in the economic field, the analogy of preventive medicine.

The outcome of an eight-point drive against the threat of engulfing inflation will determine the political and economic climate in the United States for a generation, if not for all time.

Usually the vague ailment, popularly known as inflation, manifests itself in a shrinkage of the purchasing power of money. Dr. Palyi, who lived through the German inflation after World War I, in the preceding article makes clear the nature of the economic disturbance which impairs the value of money.

Money, the dollar, in a healthy, honestly conducted economy is a receipt for goods or services produced—for work done. If America's economy, in which close to 50 million persons are gainfully employed, had but two workers—Doe and Roe—the monetary problem would be simple indeed.

Let's assume that Doe produced a bushel of potatoes, for which a receipt, called a dollar, was issued, whereas Roe with a dairy herd produced a gallon of milk, for which a similar receipt, called a dollar, was given. Thus, if through custom, a dollar represented a bushel of potatoes and a

gallon of milk, then there would be a clear understanding between the two men of the exchange value of their produce in terms of other desirable things.

But suppose someone interjected himself into the situation and issued \$2 to Doe for the same bushel of potatoes and \$2 to Roe for a single gallon of milk. Under such changed conditions it would take twice as much money to acquire the accustomed quantity of potatoes or milk. Thus, the purchasing power of money would have been cut in half. Or, expressed in another way, prices of potatoes and milk, having climbed from \$1 to \$2, would have soared 100 percent. This change would have involved an inflationary process. Money would have become cheaper and things dearer.

Where the watering of money is undertaken deliberately, it constitutes a vicious and concealed form of taxation, which in effect confiscates all or part of the value behind the savings of thrifty owners of life insurance policies, thrift accounts in banks, of bondholders, and all other creditors.

If the floodgates of inflation should be destined to swing open, it would be difficult to time precisely when such a catastrophe

would occur. If at all, the ogres of inflation would be unloosed from the caldron of national economic policy when and if large numbers of persons suddenly lost confidence in the capacity and willingness of the Government to fulfill its commitments.

Thus the question of how far the economy can be distorted by sacrifices incidental to the expansion of national defense and the financing of lend-lease aid to other anti-Axis nations depends on how convinced the average citizen is that the value sought, such as attainment of the "four freedoms," warrant giving up comfort goods to which their families in peacetime had become accustomed.

In 1890 it was computed that the total cost of government, national, state, and local, absorbed one day's work out of 14. This ratio has risen to at least one out of five, and before the wartime program is over it is likely to be closer to two out of five. Thus the credit of the Government hinges largely on the human willingness of the citizen to make personal sacrifices in order to further national objectives.

In the modern State the citizen expresses approval or thumbs down on the policies of public officials in two ways. First, through political expression at the ballot box—and in direct com-

Fred O. Seibel in Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch





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munications with representatives in government. And secondly, through silent financial behavior.

As long as there is confidence in the ability and willingness of those in charge of the Government to make good, citizens will accept dollars and I.O.U.'s of the Government at face value. On the other hand, citizens in effect tacitly vote "no confidence" in the powers that be when they seek to escape from dollar claims into tangible goods, such as precious jewels, commodities, and real estate, or into common-stock equities, which represent a participation in ownership of a business, rather than a claim to a specific number of dollars. They tend to do this when they believe that money will buy vastly less tomorrow than today.

The prudent individual is concerned not only with the effect of the inflationary process on current income, but also on long-term savings, including thrift deposits, life insurance, bond holdings, and old-age social-security benefits. Obviously, if commodity prices are permitted under the stress of the armament boom to skyrocket, then the cost to the Government of battleships, tanks, guns, and planes will be greatly increased and the resultant rise in the Federal debt already at an unprecedented peak will be enormously accelerated.

If the new accretions to the Federal debt should be made at a time when prices are unusually high and hence the purchasing

power of money is exceptionally low, then there will be political reluctance in the post-war period when prices may be expected to decline and the purchasing power of money to rise to permit bondholders to be enriched with repayments of dear dollars in exchange for the cheap dollars which they invested. Thus, any needless inflation now of the cost of national defense and lend-lease aid will add to the burden of carrying the resultant debt, and will eventually generate an emotional demand to make liquidation of the debt easier through monetary tricks intended to dilute purchasing power of invested dollars.

To meet this hazard, the aforementioned eight-step preventive financial program is already under way.

I. Propaganda. There is a studied attempt to win the battle of the financial front through judicious use of propaganda. This device has been employed persistently ever since the beginning of World War II. There were almost immediate official admonitions against profiteering, and the President assured the public that this time there would be no wartime millionaires. Then the Chief Executive instructed the Temporary National Economic Committee to investigate commodity-price rises to determine whether they were justified.

Along with this, the Attorney General's office kept up a verbal barrage against "monopolistic" practices which are price lifting in character.

In recent weeks the propaganda technique has taken the form of warnings against inflation by important Federal officials. Some wonder whether the ballyhoo may not be disturbing to confidence.

There is an unmistakable propagandist effort to pin an unpatriotic label on businessmen who reflect in higher prices the upturn in basic costs of making and distributing goods.

II. Price Ceilings. But, obviously, the politicians and economic planners are not relying on mere words to calm inflationary tendencies. They are exerting the power of government to put ceilings on price fluctuations of scarce and critical wartime commodities.

Thus far there has been only

selective price fixing, although Bernard M. Baruch, Chairman of the War Industries Board of World War I, has counseled the advisability of a universal price ceiling, whereby maximum prices for all commodities and services would be frozen as of a given date.

In thus far rejecting the Baruch plan, Leon Henderson, Price Administrator, has instead followed the selective program presented by Charles O. Hardy in his study entitled *Wartime Control of Prices*, which was prepared by the Brookings Institution at the request of the War Department.

If price fixing and priorities are to be used as effective instruments of control, it has been pointed out by Noel G. Sargent, economist of the National Association of Manufacturers, and others that these powers must be employed objectively without political bias. Except for short periods, prices cannot be limited unless ceilings are placed on the various elements of cost, including wages, farm materials, and taxes.

III. Taxes Taxes are employed in this period, not only for the customary revenue purposes, but also as instruments of economic control. In a desire to prevent citizens, enriched by rising payrolls and profit, from competing unduly with the Government for scarce materials and needed man hours, taxes are envisaged as a means of shunting off from the market place these additional circulating mediums.

In delineating the intention to use the taxing power as a device for averting inflation, Secretary Morgenthau, on August 8 last, told the Senate Finance Committee: "Increased taxation is needed also to maintain economic stability. . . .

"At a time when expanding incomes are operating to force prices upward, many kinds of measures must be employed if prices are to be kept under control. Without heavy taxation the other measures have little chance to succeed.

"By contributing to the control of prices it [taxation] will help prevent the demoralization which would result from inflation. . . ."

In addition to regular taxes, the Administration has also put forth the idea of greatly increasing payroll social-security taxes during

the emergency so as, in Secretary Morgenthau's words, "to increase the flow of funds to the Treasury from current income during the emergency and increase the outflow of funds when needed in the post-defense period."

IV. Savings. Besides diverting current incomes by the tax route, the economic planners are similarly seeking ways and means to turn the newly increased stream of circulating medium away from current consumption through encouraging voluntary savings.

Daniel W. Bell, Undersecretary of the Treasury, recently related the popular savings campaign to the broader effort to control inflation. Mr. Bell stressed the fact that if the people didn't buy Government bonds, the banks would have to do so, and, in doing this, the banks would tend to accelerate the inflationary process through expanding bank deposits.

In addition there is growing talk of forced savings along the lines advocated by John Maynard Keynes, British economist and advisor to the British Treasury. A spokesman for the United States Treasury recently alluded to the possibility of an American plan for forced saving called a "separation wage" which would assure a regular wage for a stated period in case a worker lost his job.

V. Time-Sales Curbs. While Federal agencies are trying to reduce civilian demand for goods through expanding taxes and popular savings, it would, of course, be inappropriate for private lenders to seek to whet the appetite of consumers for comfort goods through offering easy credit terms. Accordingly, in conformity with patriotic and self-abnegating suggestions from leaders of the automobile industry and others, the Federal Reserve System recently put into effect a program for making instalment purchases somewhat less enticing for the duration.* The tendency has been to insist on larger down payments and to shorten the period for discharging the debt.

VI. Increased Production. Another major control is to attempt to answer the vast increase in circulating medium with increased production of real goods and services.

* See "Emergency" Curb on Time Sales Now?, September ROTARIAN.

This involves reemployment of idle men, and fuller utilization of existing machines. It also entails greatly increased output of new machine tools and productive equipment, especially in fields closely related to the production of lethal weapons.

As a result of this process, physical production in the United States has reached the highest peak in the history of the nation. If this production were going into civilian goods exclusively, instead of being diverted largely to war materials, then we would be entering the golden age in the material well-being of the American people.

Since World War II started in September, 1939, the Federal Reserve index of production has risen from 114 percent of the 1935-39 average to 161 percent in July, 1941.

VII. Bank Controls. In addition to the foregoing, a variety of strictly fiscal, banking, and monetary devices have been discussed. These suggestions were embodied at the close of last year in a report by the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System to Congress. Thus far no legislative action has been taken. Originally, the Treasury seemed cool to the recommendations, but recently a more sympathetic attitude has been reported.

The guardians of the money marts have asked for legislative authority to absorb excess bank reserves through increasing the reserve requirements of banks; and suggested also that the Chief Executive be deprived of his discretionary right to expand the currency through silver seigniorage and through gold devaluation. They also advocated selling new Government bonds to bank depositors rather than to banks, and financing defense expenditures largely through taxation rather than through borrowing.

VIII. Economy. A collateral method of reducing the inflationary implication of growing Federal deficits is the demand for rigorous economy in the nondefense expenditures of government, national, state, and local. The Treasury demanded a cut of a billion dollars a year in the ordinary expenses of the Federal Government, but thus far Congress has

been slow to act. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States took the position that savings in double the amount which Secretary Morgenthau mentioned were in the cards. The most hopeful formula is the plan of Senator Harry F. Byrd, of Virginia, for a joint committee of the appropriating and revenue-raising groups of both houses of Congress, which could work directly in the interest of economy with the Treasury and the Director of the Budget. Certainly, if the occasion calls for sacrifice by citizens, it is fitting for politicians to do their bit too, and to cut down on the normal extravagance and waste incidental to government spending.

Thus, in these eight ways, governmental and private finance has used creative intelligence in an effort to set up a defense program against the obvious inflationary danger.



Author Allen has studied and taught economics in America and Europe. President of Harland Allen Associates, Chicago investment consultants, he edits a well-known economic letter.

What Can You and I Do about It?

IT IS HELPFUL to think of inflation as a disease. More precisely, it is a fever in the body economic — a price fever. And like other fevers, it is not so much a disease in itself as the outward evidence of disease—evidence that something or many things are out of adjustment. For that reason it does not make much sense to talk about standard prescriptions for inflation.

The practical thing to do, as when a [Continued on page 57]



Billy Phelps Speaking

Comment on New Books and Things
by William Lyon Phelps

From Mt. Ararat . . .
to Murder Cases . . .
to Cities That Charm

TWO ARARATS in one season! I made a book acquaintance with Mount Ararat when I was 5, while earning one dollar by reading through the whole *Bible*; my price has risen since then, but at that time I had plenty of leisure and an allowance of 6 cents a week. You will remember (will you?) that Noah's ark rested on the top of that lofty mountain. Many years later I had the pleasure of meeting the Honorable James Bryce in the House of Commons; I told him (I ought to have anyhow) that when I was about 18, I had read one of his early books *Transcaucasia and Ararat*, in which he described his successful ascent. British statesmen and authors detest social climbers, but many of them are members of the Alpine Club. Bryce lived to be 84; when he was 26, he published a book that became a classic, *Holy Roman Empire*; his book *The American Commonwealth* added greatly to his fame.

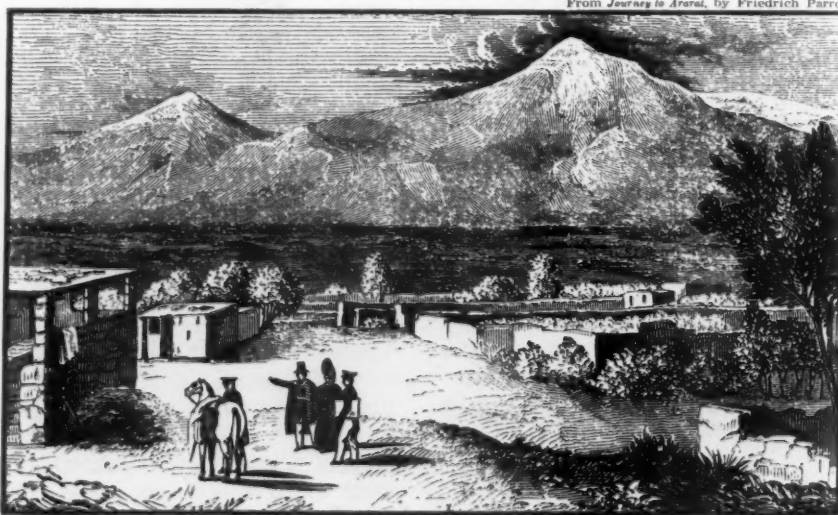
Well, in the September issue of *THE ROTARIAN* I reviewed *All Aboard for Ararat*, by H. G. Wells; and now appears *Appleby on Ararat*, by Michael Innes. Let me say that this is the most exciting, thrilling murder story that M. I. has written; and I have read all his preceding murders with admiration and enthusiasm except one—*A Comedy of Terrors*. Michael Innes (his pen name) is a scholar, a don of either Oxford or Cambridge, and is at present in Aus-

tralia. He is even more of a high-brow mystery-monger than Dorothy Sayers; every book is a compliment to the reader, for he assumes you are familiar with the great works of literature. In addition to his learning he has wit, humor, charm, and a literary style that is a delight to hear, but he also has the ability to create characters and to place them in terrific situations. For sheer excitement this new book is his masterpiece; don't miss it.

Mabel Seeley's *The Chuckling Fingers* is an excellent murder story in Minnesota and Lake Superior scenery, involving various members of a large family and their associates. The tale is told in the first person by one of the chief characters, a lovely stenographer named Ann Gay. What a splendid name! The only other girl I know with six letters to her

sounds, when it happens on the radio. Well, Ann is an attractive girl, but there are places where she is more excited than the reader—an error in technique.

Fortunately for all concerned, we have two recent biographies of famous American Rotarians. The first is *William Allen White of Emporia*, by Rotarian Frank C. Clough, managing editor of the Emporia, Kansas, *Gazette*. It is one of the most interesting, inspiring, and diverting books of the year. Mr. White is one of the best-known men in America; and when his name is mentioned, it is usually accompanied by the words "of Emporia" or "of the Emporia Gazette." It sometimes happens that a man's reputation is immensely widened by remaining in one place and by being identified with one newspaper or one college or one bank or one occupation.



SNOWCAPPED Mount Ararat, towering 17,000 feet, as sketched by a 19th-Century traveller.

name is May Day (fact). This novel is certainly worth reading by our *ROTARIAN* Readers Murder Club, but I cannot praise it without reservations. One of the most distressing sights is an orator more excited than his audience; also one of the most distressing

The late Professor Winchester of Wesleyan was much more famous as "Winch of Wesleyan" than if he had accepted any of the numerous invitations to go to larger universities.

So Mr. White, who would have adorned [Continued on page 53]

Let Alfred and Elma Milotte
take you over the route of—

'That Highway to Alaska'

WE HAD TALKED about it for years. One day we up and did it: sold our shop and hit the trail—the half-blazed trail between Alaska and the United States. Where we packed through muskeg, moose licks, and mountainous magnificence, you will some day bowl along on an undulating ribbon of concrete.

The trip was a gamble. Some folks said it was even worse. "Anybody who'd sell a busy photo business just to spend a couple of years taking pictures of a road that isn't there—well. . . ." But we shut our ears. In our five happy years as Alaskans—and as a Rotary couple in Ketchikan—we'd heard so much talk about this proposed Alaska International Highway that we wanted to see for ourselves.* Many miles of it, we knew, had only rarely been seen by white men; many had never been photographed. Our cameras strained for the chase.

And soon they were snapping and growling at grizzly bears (which you can smell farther than see), at herds of caribou, and at smiling Indians; at inching glaciers, at shivering poplar groves, and at tiny up-river towns—and, all in all, at a 2,200 mile-long swath of beauty which alone would justify the cost of the dream highway (which, by the way, is some 14 million dollars).

Ours was to be no breakneck dash from top of the trail to bottom, and it wasn't. When, just

last August, we drove our car up the 830 miles of narrowing road from Vancouver to Hazelton, where the completed trail ends, we had covered all but two short links and had used great parts of 25 months doing it.

That lower end of the trip was child's play. Other parts weren't. Once, after days of lurching along on our horses, drying rain-soaked clothes over the campfire, and eating dried potatoes and moose-meat "hamburgers," we thumbed back in our diary to find that we hadn't had news of the outside world for 17 days. "Oh for an international highway," we groaned.

But even the trackless section has one landmark—a wire—a remnant of the ill-fated Collins Overland Telegraph which was to join the United States and Europe via Bering Strait and Asia. Gold seekers of '97 followed that line, strung in 1865-66, to Alaska. You will follow it some day in your family car. The old Telegraph Trail.

When will the missing links of the highway be built? No one knows—yet. Mushrooming army bases in Alaska and Canada may hasten it. This much we know: When they unroll that last northern mile of pavement, a rich and glorious land will begin to come into its own.

Now turn the page.



* It is to be a part of the Pan-American Highway and already connects with the Trans-Canada Highway. Both have been treated in THE ROTARIAN's series on new developments in New World transportation, in which this is the third article.



U.S.A.

From Fairbanks to Telegraph Creek

UP THERE at the top of the trail is Fairbanks, the "Golden Heart" of Alaska, a thriving little city complete with a new Rotary Club. Which of several routes the Highway shall take from it to White Horse isn't certain, so we forayed out in many directions, "shooting" game, placer mines, sourdoughs, and scenery. But it was in the long wild stretch between Lake Atlin and Telegraph Creek that we passed our tenderfoot tests. We'd learned how to saddle our horses and to bell them against bears, to throw a diamond hitch on a pack, to bake "bannick" (a hot biscuit fried in moose grease)—and so we bid our guide good-by and shoved off alone. For days we had a world of mountains and long plains all to ourselves, except that at night we often shared it with the mice that hold squatters' rights on the empty cabins far spaced along Telegraph Trail. "Highway perfectly feasible," we scribbled in our journal—and when we got back to the land of calendars, we found we'd lost a whole day. . . . A bill to construct the Highway was recently introduced by Alaskan Delegate Anthony J. Diamond in the United States Congress.



HERE WE ARE as we "mush" across a shoulder of Mt. McKinley, highest peak in North America, on one of our jaunts out of Fairbanks. We are out for animal pictures—and get some close-ups that are too close up for comfort. We may look like intrepid explorers, but don't be misled. This is our first dog sledding.



ROLLING south out of Fairbanks, on the Richardson highway, we come to this ferry at Big Delta. At this point, as the map shows, the proposed highway veers off into the wilderness.

HERE'S Mr. Landry again, with his huge dog, Dempsey. He's an operator on the telegraph line, and that pelt-covered cabin is his station and home. He lives here the year round.

NOW, far from highways, we take to horse—and Dora, the pack animal, is patient as we have a go at a diamond hitch.

THE BUNDLE of furs Elma is nosing is from Mr. Landry's "hope chest," as he calls it. He was the hunter, of course.



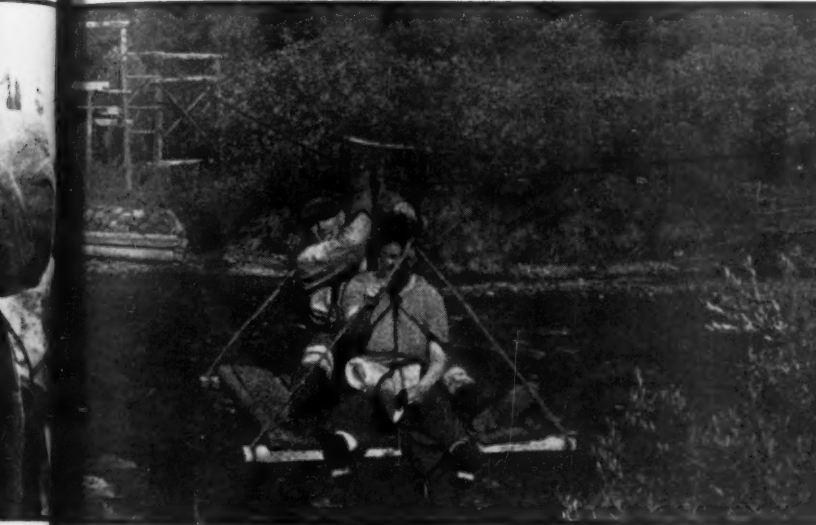


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sledding

THIS GRAY WOLF does not like our looks, and the feeling is mutual—but he comes up only to sneer and trot away. Whew! The wolf is the usual stock of the powerful Alaskan sledge dog.

MR. GRIZZLY BEAR, too, is curious, but is as scornful as Mr. Wolf. He's a cache raider and a noisome fellow, but is less to be feared than Mr. Moose.

BORROWING some of their own tactics, we bound up a crag and "bag" three mountain sheep with both lens barrels blazing. No other country offers better mountain sheep and goat hunting than that north of Nahlin—and no meat tastes better, if you like it.



Dora, the
and hit

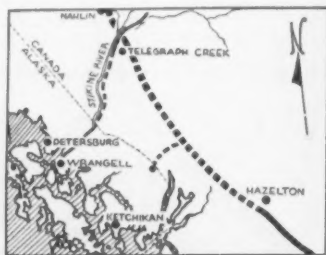
AT NAHLIN, Richard Landry, the sole inhabitant, pulls us over the river on his hand-made cable car. Elma is the first woman he has seen in over three years.

Landry
of course

IN A PINCH, we turn dentists for an Indian—but he loses faith and runs. WE HIT the trail again (right)—and plunge into another feast of beauty.



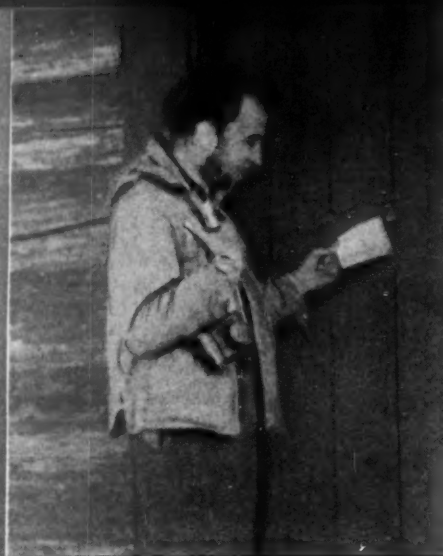
HAZELTON, some 250 miles to the south, was our goal as we rode out of Telegraph Creek, but soon the days were shortening and the snowcaps were slipping lower on the peaks. Not far from our mark, Winter turned us about and sent us backtracking on the double-quick for Telegraph Creek and the last river boat to the sea. But what country we saw! Awesome canyons, valleys aflame with flowers, and always overhead the cloud-ruffed peaks. What people we met! Our own guide, Old Bill Elder (you should try his "dirty hand bread"). The Ikut Indians and their "father." Here is country you'll tarry long in—when the road goes through. But let's let the photos tell it.



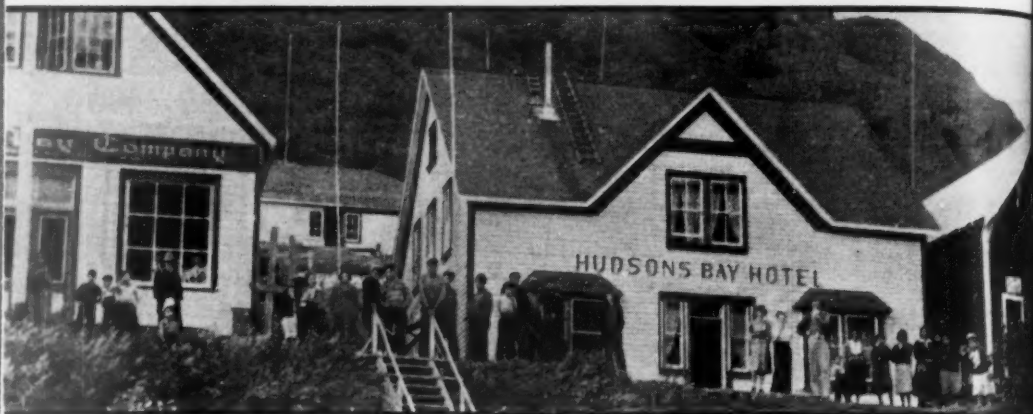
OLD BILL brings up the rear as we cross the log bridge to his camp—an isolated spot about a week south of Telegraph Creek. The International Highway will pass this way.

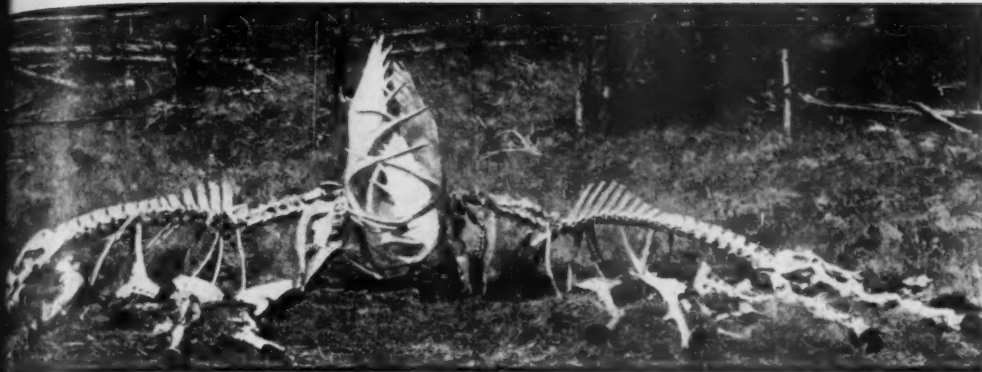
ROTARY LUNCHEONS were never like this! The bearded gormandizer at the left you may recognize. The other is "Slim" Williams, an

Alaskan whom we meet as he and a companion, Bob Logan, ride, drag, and raft a pair of motorcycles from Fairbanks to Hazelton.



ON A CABIN DOOR (left) we find a letter addressed to us. This is our first news that war has begun in Europe. Amid the eternal peace of these mountains, war seems unreal, impossible. Above: Bill Elder, our guide—woodsman, miner, yarn spinner.





PEAKING of wars, here's how one ended. Two bull moose "locked horns in mortal combat," couldn't unlock, and went down together. We borrow this rare print from our Nahlin friend, "Dick" Landry, show it to everyone from Telegraph Creek to nowhere.

AT THIS Indian church (right) we sample again the eager hospitality of this land, sleep in the mission school amid freshly butchered chunks of moose meat.

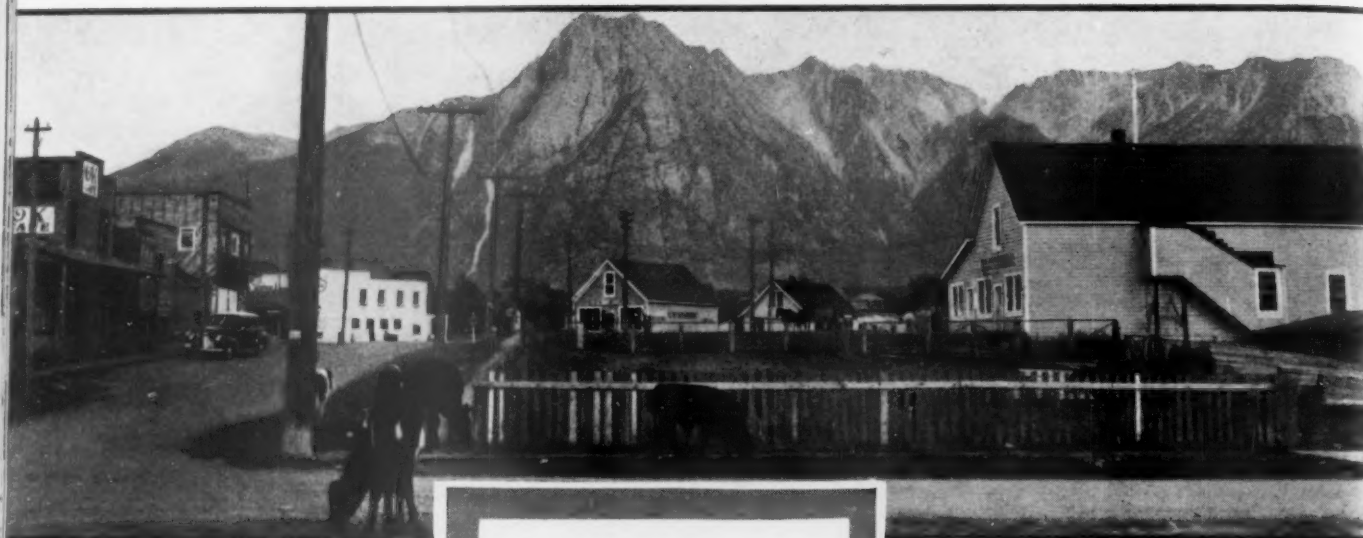


LONG LOCKS only tempt low branches—so off they come at the hand of a husband suddenly turned hair stylist. That's our bedroom at the rear.

below: A mountain vista. The cabin on stilts is a food cache. It frustrates prowling animals.

KISH KOOSH (right), an Iskut Indian, shows us his dogs. The objects on poles are cuts of drying moose meat.





HAZELTON (above). We sleep in our car here, are aroused by a horse licking our windows.



TWO little Indians at Moricetown. Annie Tom, 18 years old, is bright as a new dollar.

From Hazelton to Vancouver

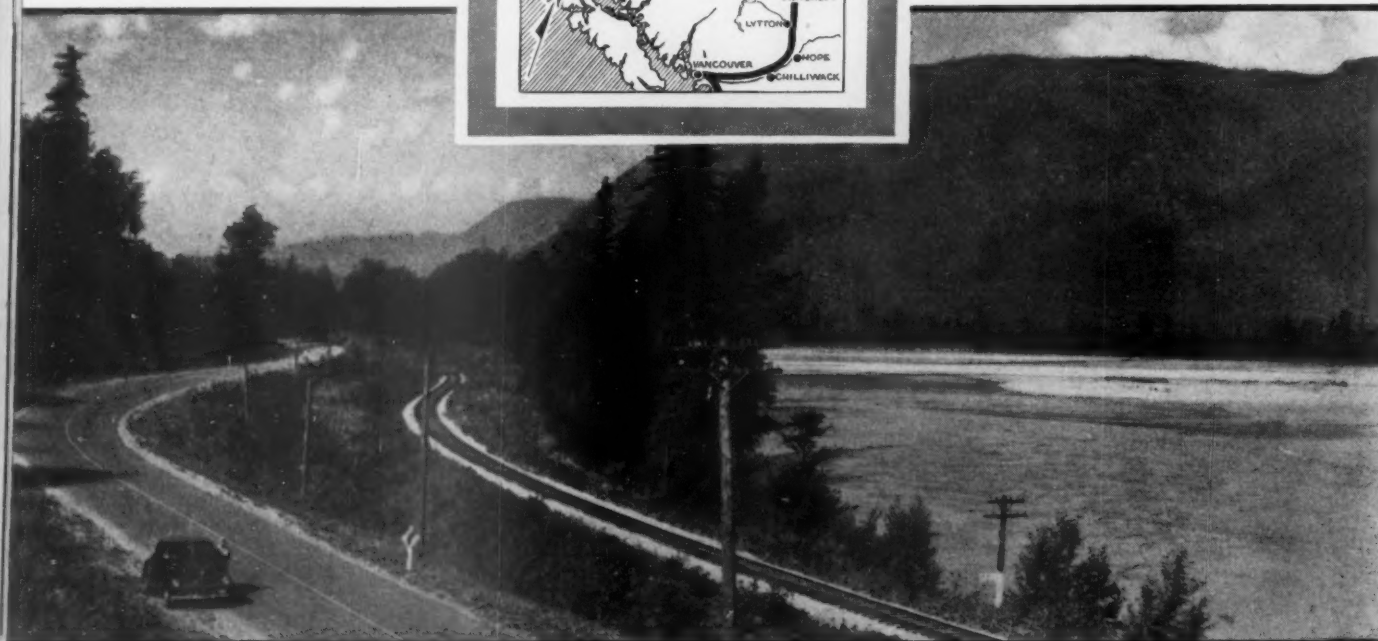
HERE'S an 830-mile section of the Alaska International Highway which actually exists. We covered it by car. At every stop we found folks eager for but pessimistic about completion of the road. War, they fear, has diverted attention from it, but they were happy to learn that the International Commission is still at work on the problem, that highway associations are busy, that interest is growing, not slackening.



RAIL FENCES (below) are the rule, wire rare. The road proves "washboardy," but picturesque.



AS WE PURR south along the Fraser River, the road widens, rolls on to Vancouver and Seattle.





The Time of Your Life

By Edith M. Stern

It's not when youthful vigors boil—but, rather, when they have calmed. Yet a happy old age needs planning.

MRS. A., SECRETARY to a businessman, retired on a comfortable annuity at 65. Seven years later, on the eve of her departure on her third Caribbean cruise, I found her almost at the point of tears.

"I don't know why I'm going," she confided to me. "Just to be somewhere else, I suppose. But wherever I am, it's the same. I feel so out of things—useless, and utterly miserable. My dear, it's terrible to be old!"

"Terrible!" exclaimed Mrs. E., well past 70, when, sympathetically, I retailed the conversation. "What nonsense! Why, not only am I having a *good* time nowadays, but I'm having the time of my life!" Widow of an engineer, she had had all her younger years filled with moving from place to place and bringing up her family. Not until she was 70, when her youngest daughter was married and her oldest grandson was in junior high school, did she have the leisure to begin her present pursuit, painting.

"And I'm writing a bit of verse nowadays, too," she informed me

happily. "You young people can't imagine what it is to have all the time and freedom in the world to do nothing but what you please. That's the unique prerogative of age!"

Every time I hear one of my contemporaries or a youngster echoing Mrs. A.'s sentiments, dreading the time when he'll be old; every time Townsend Plan propaganda makes me feel, uncomfortably, that "the old folks ain't what they used to be," I recall the zestful quaver of Mrs. E.'s voice and the joy in her eyes.

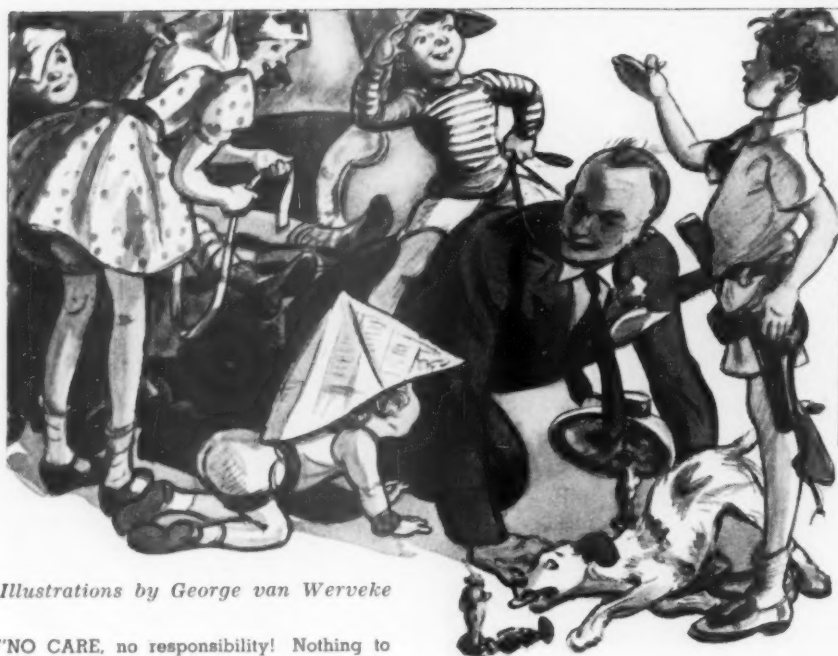
Nowadays we're all thinking about that somewhat arbitrary "after 65" because, for the first time, the aged are really with us. The average life expectancy, 150 years ago, was 30. Today it is 62 for women, 59 for men, and, it is estimated, 30 years hence the "old-age group" will be twice as large as now. Thanks to modern medicine and hygiene, one out of every ten of us now young or just embarked on middle age will survive past 65.

To what can we look forward? Drawing our pensions and simply

waiting to die, tired of ourselves, on sufferance by our juniors? Or, at best, managing to keep on in the harness of our better years, like the octogenarian flagpole painters and nonagenarian cake bakers regularly hailed in the newspapers? On the other hand, is Mrs. E. right? Can old age, with its unprecedented rights, privileges, and immunities of irresponsibility, be the time of your life?

The answer lies, not in guesswork nor opinion, but in the men and women happy, not despite the fact that they're old, but because of it. There is, for instance, the 70-plus Denver housewife who marched into the Opportunity School and announced that she wanted to take a frivolous course. "All my life," she said, "I've had duties, things that had to be done. Now I want to take up something utterly useless, just for the fun of it." The "frivolous" course she elected was algebra.

There's the 80-year-old Minnesotan who spends all his time at his hobby, turning out doll's furniture, tables, and bookshelves for the delectation of his friends'



Illustrations by George van Werveke

"NO CARE, no responsibility! Nothing to do but play with them—and love them!"

children and grandchildren. For 60 years he had been storing choice pieces of lumber against the day when he'd be fully released from active participation in farm and community life.

In Washington, D. C., a retired Smithsonian paleontologist basks, at 76, in his new-found leisure to cultivate bees and tend a small garden. "I don't want to see another stone; why, I don't even keep a dog for fear he'll scratch one up!" he remarked, with the delighted grin of a small boy told there'll be no school today.

I KNOW a New England couple who built and are furnishing a house with as meticulous concern for colonial authenticity as the restorers of Williamsburg; they pore over musty documents, scurry about the countryside unearthing bargains in antiques, and personally supervise the installation of each wrought-iron door hinge.

"Some folks think we're a pair of old fools, when we have so little time left to live in the house," Mrs. C. told me blithely. "But we can't see it that way. It's the doing that's fun. Besides, we've dreamed about a home like this ever since we were bride and groom, and never could have it before. Unless money's no object, you must have plenty of time on your hands—not to mention children and grandchildren who are

past the wreck-everything age!"

Only the old can wholeheartedly follow such nonpractical bents, for, contrary to our usual notions, youth isn't the carefree period; it's too burdened with having to learn how to make a living and with involvements in soul-searing love affairs. Unthinkingly we accept the terrifying "gather ye rosebuds while ye may" philosophy of the Elizabethans, who lived hard and died young, when, as a matter of fact, under the pressure of modern life, only in old age can you really devote yourself to gathering rosebuds without the guilty feeling that you should be warming the baby's bottle or working nights.

The unprecedented pleasure of doing what interests you, regardless of need or utility, isn't confined to a few rare old souls; that's strikingly revealed in a 1938 State-wide Missouri survey, "How adults spend their leisure time." Among all adults, the average of those having one or more hobbies was only 39 percent. Among those over 84 it was 50 percent, and 90 percent—far higher than in any other age group—among those over 70.

It's hard for younger folk to realize that age has its own strong gratifying emotions. But with the passing of the more turbulent satisfactions and sorrows comes a whole new set of feelings to take their place. There are kinds of

love, for instance, as foreign to youth as sexual love to age. The grandparental variety, for one. His children's babies, a favorite great-uncle told me, a bit shamefacedly, were far more rapturous than his own. "When your children are young," he explained, "you can't savor them single-mindedly; you're still too much concerned with yourself and your own future. But when the grandchildren come, they *are* your future! Besides, they're 100 percent fun. No care, no responsibility! Nothing to do but play with them—and love them!"

I know—as you must, too—other old people glad to be alive because they make their juniors glad they're alive; who use "When I was young" not as a takeoff for odious comparisons, but to transmit their accumulated wisdom and the flavor of an earlier day; who pay those sickbed visits which we who run businesses and households rarely manage to negotiate; who organize storytelling hours for children; and who mind young couples' babies on movie nights. Such generous donors know that "a lonely old age" is no more inevitable than that other cliché, "a misspent youth."

If it is blessed to give, it is also heart warming to exchange, and innumerable oldsters enjoy life with one another. St. Petersburg, Florida, has a Three-Quarter Century Club, whose 300 local members, 3,000 transient, with an age range of 75 to 110, join in singing, sports like softball, and old-fashioned dances. Battle Creek, Michigan, harbors a club of the same name; at one of its parties old folks reversed the child's delight in dressing grown-up by sporting the quaint togs of their youth. Oakland, California, old people have a hiking club.

SCATTERED throughout the United States are 50 Borrowed Time Clubs (no admission under 70) all modelled after the mother club founded 65 years ago in Oak Park, Illinois, with the slogan "I owe no man a dollar, but I live on borrowed time." "To provide entertainment and instruction for its members and . . . to uphold the dignity, independence, and rights of the aged" is written into the

constitution of the Borrowed Time Club of Evanston, Illinois. Recently its 300 members held their annual outing: they frolicked in square dances, strode a block in walking races, and applauded when the oldest male member, 84, and the oldest woman, 87, were awarded prizes.

England has its League of Age, with the motto "Older and bolder"; each member must, during the course of a year, indulge in at least one adventure. At Long Beach, California, there's a hotel where once a week only those over 70 are allowed on the dance floor; it's always crowded. Such get-togethers indicate no grotesque attempts to turn back the clock, but simply utilization of what time remains; no sighs for lost youth, but smiles at accepted age. And after the ball is over, there are no heartaches. Those fully released from that agonizing mating-instinct-need can enjoy their contemporaries in peace.

EMBARKMENT on something new, too, has its special rewards in the pension age. There's thrill in rating as "a wonderful old person"; it's like being a precocious child. Scientific studies of learning capacity show little decline in the later years. That's evidenced not only by such historic instances as Cato's learning Greek at 80 and Queen Victoria's Hindustani at 82, but also by far more ordinary octogenarians.

Ask the 82-year-old retired Washington engineer who revels in the profits and pleasures of writing children's books; the 78-year-old ex-circus clown who's composing music; the former minister who, at 81, finds fascination in running a Goodwill bookshop; or 80-year-old Mrs. Adeline Reynolds, who, no longer a housewife, has just satisfied a lifelong desire to be an actress by landing her first job in the movies!

For those unable to achieve a happy old age by themselves, there are helpful agencies. In San Francisco, 89-year-old Dr. Lillian Martin runs an Old Age Center where she uses her psychological training to rehabilitate her contemporaries. The Philadelphia Hobby League of the Playground and Recreation Association conducts old people's classes in writ-

ing and in stagecraft. Denver affords not only the Opportunity School, "for all who wish to learn," but also special recreational facilities for the aged, like croquet, bowling, and old-time dancing.

In Oklahoma Dr. William Arch McKeever heads a school for over-70's on the principle "Something interesting for everyone to do." His students, whom he calls maturates, are encouraged to eat sensibly, to exercise, and to keep up with the world through reading, churchgoing, and social activity. Gardening, knitting, and painting are popular with the maturates; a few engage in woodwork or music, and one 100-year-old fan hasn't missed a motion picture for five years. In many communities old men's toy shops, old women's sewing centers, provide not only a means of earning money, but the reassurance you are still useful.

The Bureau of Vocational Rehabilitation in New York has, through individual adjustments, had marked success in taking old folks off the shelf. Less and less hit-or-miss are becoming the methods of psychological aid to the old. Vassar College's adult-education department, for instance, has a

special course on teaching the aged: occupational therapists are scientifically equipped to provide work and play that make the last of life worth living.

Stiffened fingers may come at 55 or not until after 90, shortness of breath at 80 or in the early 60's. As for feeling old, that's as relative as the universe. Once I saw an 83-year-old jump up and rush down the stairs to greet a friend. "She can't walk up," she called in her flight, "she's an old lady."

When old people are uninterested, lonely, and unhappy, it's



not primarily because of their years, but because of what they are. The bored old woman, you may be sure, had just as few inner resources during her 30's as today. The garrulous old man whom everyone shuns was always self-centered. The best insurance for old age, therefore, is to pay your premiums now, by developing special interests, such as hobbies, learning how to have friends, and building character.

But Nature is kind. Even if you've been thriftless through your vigorous years, after 65 you don't have to pay for your mistakes in full. Exoneration from the demands of young maturity is your coming-of-old-age heritage, and you can spend it freely to have the time of your life.

Johnny Gets the Ax

By William Lytton Payne

THE AX FALLS in November, on the necks of college freshmen as well as turkeys in the United States. Then it is that deans' offices of the 1,500 colleges send out curt notes to parents that their Johnny is "unsatisfactory," or "in danger of failing," or "failing," and that unless he quickly asserts himself the college will feel obliged to drop him from its rolls.

The family is, of course, flabbergasted. They had not yet got used to Johnny's absence from the dinner table, nor to swelling with pride at the thought of his being a "college man." And now he may be coming home! What does it mean? Who's responsible? What can be done about it? They tele-

phone, they telegraph, they write, Mother weeps and Dad growls—the neighbors nod significantly.

Johnny may be as surprised as his parents. True, a few quiz papers had come back marked "Fail," and, yes, he was behind in his English assignments, but no instructor had stopped him after class and with admonitory finger pointed out *this* end! His faculty advisor, who taught a full schedule and in addition had ten or 15 other freshmen to shepherd, hadn't seen him since that first week when he'd had them all in to tea and had given them a rousing "pep" talk.

Back in his room he stares around him as though in a new world and then sits down to write Dad and Mother the most human letter he's written them all Fall. Johnny has his back to the wall!

As an instructor who has had some 5,000 conferences in the last decade, I see three principal causes as the foundation of Johnny's trouble: Johnny himself, his family, and his high school.

The neighbors who nod so significantly say they knew all along that Johnny was lazy, or incompetent, or just "dumb." Or all three. Dumb he is not, for to get into most colleges Johnny must have been in the upper third of his high-school class, or to have passed a stiff college-entrance examination. It is too often the case, however, that a Johnny of superior mental alertness sailed through high school without ever having had to apply himself. But at college he finds that his classmates likewise were among the upper third of their high-school classes and that, consequently, the competition in college is keener. Half speed ahead is not enough.

Without exception college disappoints my conferees on two points: that the college campus isn't so beautiful as they had imagined or as Hollywood had portrayed it; and that the instructors don't care.

The instructor, they say, walks into the classroom, forgets to take the roll, wants to know what those papers are on his desk, and feigns surprise when told that it is the homework. When the bell rings at the end of the hour, he assigns 100 pages to be read over the week-end. "How about the 100

FROM THE dean's office comes a note: Johnny is "unsatisfactory," or "in danger of failing."

Illustrations by
Robert A. Graef



pages for *this* week?" someone calls out. The instructor shrugs his shoulders as if to say, "Are you men or children?" and stalks out of the room. Johnny, who won the attendance record all through grade school, who was never allowed to neglect handing in the most insignificant bit of homework, finds himself on the open sea. Taking the instructor at his own value, Johnny drifts along getting fives and sixes in the ten-minute quizzes, and then all of a

Who among us has forgotten those first months away from home? The thrill of being one's own master, of coming and going at all hours with no one to say nay! What, then, of Johnny in those first six or eight weeks, those particularly crucial weeks when all his attention and energy ought to be applied to the business

"LET HIM WORK on a farm for a while and see for himself whether he likes it."

sudden comes up against the hour exam upon which, in many courses, his course mark is largely determined. Thus, it appears, the neighbors are right again—Johnny is incompetent.

But more often than not Johnny does study, and study hard. Hard, but not wisely. Mathematics suddenly becomes an Old Man of the Sea. No matter how long he struggles with it, the assignment is never done. Straining to better his mark, other subjects are allowed to lag. Johnny doesn't know that keeping five or six subjects well up in the grade book is pretty much like driving sheep down a lane. The secret lies in keeping them bunched. If one subject is given too much attention, the others will straggle behind. Better six "C's" than four "B's" and two "D's."

I have never seen statistics on failures of students who attend a small home-town college as contrasted with those who attend an out-of-town college; nor figures which would do the same for the small-town boy who attends a large-city university, but I believe they would be significant. I would not argue that all freshmen, if possible, should be kept under something like the old familiar surroundings and regimen their first semester, but only that many a Johnny would never have flunked had such been the case.

of staying in college, and out of the dean's office? Much of this cost and heartache of failing the first semester could be avoided if Johnny, who pines to go to that great-city university, or that famous far-off college, is given to understand that *he must first prove himself* in the home-town—or small-town—college. Often Johnny will with benefit stay there for his full course.

But Johnny's "flunking out," or danger of it, is not only his own responsibility. It is shared by his family.

"Aw, I don't want to be a C.P.A. pushin' a pen, adding up figures a mile long in a stuffy office! I want to be a farmer!" exclaimed a student the other day. "My father owns a store, see, and he thinks business is the only thing and he wants me to learn business and so here I am. I hate it! I want to go to agricultural school."

I recognized his tale as the old one—ambitious parents wanting their son to be something "respectable": a member of the professions, or a white-collar worker.

This "farmer complex" will pass, they say, for since he was 6 hasn't he changed his mind about his lifework every six months? But the boy *may* be right in this case. Besides, required subjects in the freshman year, and sometimes in the sophomore year, are often the same no matter what course of study Johnny elects. I suggest parents let Johnny *begin* what course he will. Don't kill his interest. A year or so later he can shift his course with little, if any, loss of time. Or, in extreme cases, do as my student finally was allowed to do: let him work on a farm for a while and see for himself whether he likes it.

Johnny's trouble may be traceable to his preparation. Measure his high school by these four yardsticks: the community, the administration of the school as determined by the school board, the teachers, and the school equipment or plant.

To most townspeople, the excellence of a school is judged by its attractiveness and cost, and the size of the gymnasium. But a



school with overcrowded study halls and classrooms, inadequate laboratory space and equipment, and a library lacking works of standard authors and reference books is no school at all. It's just a memory factory where the students are out of the weather five days a week. Has Johnny come from such a school?

No teacher, however well trained and educated, can teach effectively where there are too many pupils in the class—more than 20—or when the class period is too short—less than 40 minutes. How many questions will Johnny be asked in the course of a period when there are 35 other pupils for the teacher to question and grade? And to keep in order? How often will a pupil go to class gambling that he won't be called on today, or that if he is, some friend in the crowded classroom will whisper him the answer?

No work requires more intense concentration and mental strain than teaching. Colleges everywhere have recognized this by considering 16 hours of classroom teaching a week to be the maximum load a teacher can carry and at the same time grade papers, prepare lectures, and confer with students. Yet the average high-school teacher is required to teach 25 to 30 periods a week, and in what is ironically called his "free" or "rest" period he must keep 50 to 100 pupils in decent order in the study hall. Grading papers and preparing lessons are to be done evenings and over the week-end. What time is there for student conferences?

What is the community's attitude toward its schools? In a wealthy town I know, the residents have agreed to send their children to the local school—and to make it the best money can buy. It is just that. In another residential town of no great wealth, a group of 80 academic families and their professional-class neighbors have *actively* seen to it that their public schools are the best in the State. In still another town a mother, quite ignorant of its bearing on her daughter's education, brags that Sally is in the largest class in school—41 pupils! From which kind of school would you want your Johnny to come?

Now, what kind of marks did

Johnny get in high school? *Earned* marks or just *given* marks? Most high schools take their academic-standards cue from the community itself. Where only 3 or 4 percent of a high school's graduates go to college, while the rest are in school only because the State law requires them to be, or because they are taking a vocational course, the marking will be more lenient than if 20 percent went to college, or even 10 percent. After all, the school serves the public. . . .

But it is only November, and Johnny has not yet actually "flunked out." What can he do to stay in college? What can his family do?

First, let Johnny see those instructors whose courses are giving him trouble. Let him find out why he is in trouble, and how he can pull out of it. If he doesn't understand the subject matter, most instructors will gladly take time to explain it; if he is behind in his work, the instructor will suggest ways and means of catching up. Often Johnny doesn't go to see the instructor because he



"FIRST, let Johnny see those instructors whose courses are giving him trouble."

doesn't want to appear to be currying favor. While the instructor naturally despises the student who comes round merely "to polish the apple," as collegians say, a five-minute conference will reveal the real intent of the student. On the other hand, the student in trouble who fails to come round and thereby shows that he doesn't care is given short shrift.

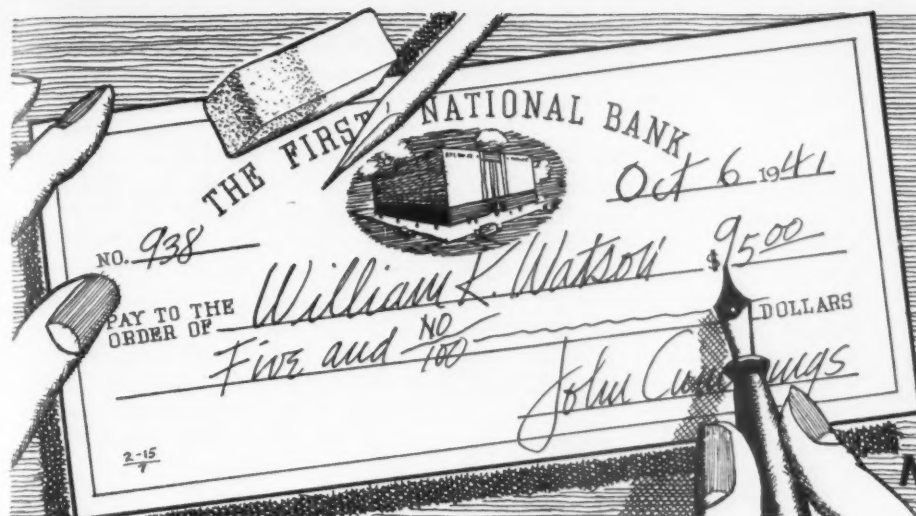
Second, let Johnny see to it that he takes an *active* part in the classroom work, volunteering answers and carrying even more than his share of class discussion.

Third, no matter how much back work is due, Johnny should do his daily assignment *first*, if for no other reason than that the classwork will be fresh in his mind to help him understand the assignment, and that it is evidence of his desire to fight his way to a satisfactory grade.

Fourth, let Johnny concentrate his time on the subjects savable. And here the dean and the instructor will help him decide. It is better, in many cases, to resign from a hopeless situation and take a "fail" or "incomplete" and to give more time to other subjects than to battle against odds that drain energy and spirit.

As for the family that desires so desperately to be of help: They would do better to confine themselves to writing an adult letter to their *adult* son, a straightforward letter saying what needs to be said—most of which is confidence and encouragement. Better this than to descend upon the campus with a figurative birch rod in hand for use on the dean and/or Johnny. For the rest as the critical weeks drag by, let the family examine its conscience and the local high school. Who wanted to go to college? Who wanted to go to that particular college? Who wanted to become a doctor? What does some qualified person, one who can speak without fear or favor, think of the sort of college preparation your local high school gives? And, lastly, what does some qualified personnel man think of Johnny as college material?

So when Johnny comes home for Christmas, somewhat sheepish but still in college, or crestfallen and out of college, let Dad recall his own school career in all its weaknesses, and extend the hand of welcome and understanding to the new man in the family who has had a rough first round in life's opening battle. Mother? She understands instinctively, and if there are tears in her eyes, they are in sympathy for the torment, anguish, and agony her boy, now man, has undergone these last three months.



Checks Mean Money

By
Myron M. Stearns

IF YOU'VE EVER had to try to cash a check in a city or bank where you were unacquainted, you know how difficult it is. Paradoxically, the reason it is so hard for you is because crooks find it so easy! Forgery, on the wane since the turn of the century, is once more—because of a new approach to the crime through check stealing—on the increase, and check thieves are reaping a rich though quickly-paid-for harvest.

Last year a New York traffic "mountie" tried to cash a \$50 pay check in an unfamiliar Brooklyn bank. The teller asked for identification. The officer was in uniform.

"What more do you want?" he asked. "I can bring in my horse; he knows me."

The teller declined to cash the check. "We can't take chances," he explained. But a few months later that same bank honored a forged check for \$17,000.

A tremendous avalanche of checks has opened this new side door to forgery in the United States. In addition to millions of WPA (Works Projects Administration) checks, the Government issued last year 7½ million social-security checks. There were 1½ million Home Owners' Loan Corporation checks, and 4 million Railroad Retirement Board checks. There were Farm Credit Administration checks and all sorts of others. Besides that, many big industrial concerns that formerly paid employees in cash are now using checks for payrolls.

A single New York bank with more than half a million deposi-

tors handles more than 10 million checks a week. Thieves have learned to follow mail carriers about, stealing easily recognized brown Government envelopes containing pay checks before the rightful payee can get them. From isolated cases of such thievery, regular check-stealing gangs have sprung into existence. The Josh O'Brien mob operating in Detroit last year had 24 members; they cashed 132 checks, totalling \$3,182, before they were caught. A Chicago gang cleaned up \$5,000 from counterfeited WPA checks in two days before the police tracked them down.

From WPA stealings, forgery losses run up to an occasional \$50,000 check put through by a skilful professional. In one year in a single hotel in the Chicago loop district, \$47,000 was accepted in bad checks. Bankers themselves, supposedly experts in detecting forgeries, take in \$300,000 to \$600,000 every year.

Starting with an intent to defraud, the forger prepares carefully for his attempt. The bait commonly used is every shopkeeper's desire to make a sale. To this crooks may add an appeal to vanity, or to the emotions.

One Detroit check stealer tried on shoes two or three days in succession, explaining he couldn't buy them until his WPA check came in. That made him seem like an honest customer. Then he brought in a newly stolen check, issued only the day before; the shoe-store proprietor cashed it without question.

In the "rooming-house gag" the

check passer locates his sucker in the rooms-to-let section of a local newspaper. He goes to one apartment after another. "I came in answer to your ad," he says. He dickers for a room, and finally decides to take it. Then he pays for a week in advance with a bad check, and walks away with the change. He may cash a dozen checks a day.

Recently bad-check gentry have been victimizing air lines. At La Guardia Airport in New York a crook asked for a ticket to San Francisco, showed letters of "identification," and wrote a check for the exact amount of the ticket. At Cleveland he showed up at the ticket counter, just before the plane was ready to take off again, with an excited story about a telephone call that had made him change all his plans. He got a substantial "refund."

The confidence of most storekeepers in the honesty of their customers in a fairly dependable society is natural, but the degree of gullibility of some is almost unbelievable. Eighteen stolen checks were cashed last Winter in Brooklyn by a boy of 17 in a single department store in one week. Although they were made out to different people, they were okeh'd by the same floor manager. After post-office inspectors had arrested the thief he made a full confession; the floor manager identified him.

"How were you able to get him to okeh checks with all those different names?" the inspectors wanted to know.

"Easy! All I did was turn up

my coat collar one time, and next time leave it turned down; I'd wear a hat and then not wear a hat, and like that." One day the floor manager okehed four different checks for him within an hour.

Storekeepers do not seem to realize that they lose the money they pay out for bad paper just as definitely as if it were stolen from them. They will declare, "Why, I know that man very well!"—when their "knowledge" is simply that they have seen the man until they feel acquainted with him, without knowing his name, his occupation, or where he lives. They forget that credentials are easily forged.

One Michigan check thief had on him when he was arrested last January seven social-security cards, a selective-service registration card, and a State unemployment-compensation card—also a bottle of ink eradicator with which to change the names on them. A recent forgery in New York led to a complete identification-producing mill which included equipment for stamping motor-license blanks, notary-public seals, and date stamps of all sorts.

Check thieves will often take additional pieces of mail for identification out of the same mailbox from which they steal a check. One nervy young crook would even ring the doorbell, posing as a man from the gas or electric company, and ask for the last bill. This he would take with him, explaining it was too large and would have to be corrected. He would use it as identification in cashing the check he had already stolen from the mailbox.

Boys are drawn into crime through stealing. In a Denver case an experienced thief admitted having obtained young Negro boys to sign stolen checks for him by paying them 10 cents for each check. In another case last year six boys, 11 to 13 years old, were found to be stealing home-relief checks on their way to school.

From signing a payee's name on a stolen check a boy's development into a hardened criminal is rapid. A single conviction changes him. In jail ideas and information pass from one convict to another with astonishing speed. James Weitsman, head of the protective

division of the Manufacturers' Trust Company of New York, estimates there are at least 2,000 professional forgers at large today.

A professional forger may be a con man armed with a book of blank checks. He may use a fictitious name and draw checks on large, well-known banks. He may forge the signatures of well-known men. He may specialize in big-amount checks, or may obtain by a number of small

Illustrations by Austin Jewell



"CHECK thieves will often take pieces of mail for identification out of the mailbox."

checks what he would otherwise get in one.

The forger may have a printing press as well as a commercial check-writing machine. With such an outfit he may print and write checks on large industrial concerns; in some cases forgers have been known to write checks on the Treasury Department itself.

A Rhode Island crook made a small cash deposit on a load of coal which he ordered sent to a fictitious address—then telephoned to cancel the order. His deposit was returned to him by a check, which he raised.

By the use of acid, a forger may remove from a check everything except the printed form and the genuine signature. A small Bank of Michigan check was written to pay a printing bill. It was dated April 10. It was changed to \$833, the date was changed to April 20, the payee was changed from the Moore Printing Company to W. E. Hun-

ter. The check was presented to the Ohio Savings Bank and Trust Company of Toledo by a man claiming to be employed by Colgate and Company. One Chicago forger raised a \$54 certified check to \$54,000. A stolen 17-cent check was raised to \$236.17. A \$6 cashier's check was upped to \$9,000.

Police and private agencies cooperate in fighting forgery. Each year the Secret Service, concentrating on check stealing, investigates between 15,000 and 20,000 check cases. Post-office inspectors handle other thousands. Every big city has its own group of experts, running down check swindlers. The American Bankers Association employs the Burns Detective Agency. Half a dozen large banks have their own private protection departments to fight forgers.

Against these organized forces check stealers don't last long.

A WPA worker complained last December that he had not received his check the week before. Search of the records showed the check had been cashed in New York's East Bronx, not far from where he lived. A photostatic copy of it, showing the forger's handwriting, at once went forward to the local Secret Service office. The apartment-house mailbox of the payee had been broken open by a single punch of a screw driver against the lock, indicating an experienced crook. Inquiry at the bank where the check was honored showed it had been turned in by an Italian grocery store. From the grocer the agents learned he had cashed the check for a black-haired young fellow of 25 or so.

Presently another check came in with the same handwriting. It had been cashed by a bookmaker at a Long Island race track, indicating that the thief was a horse player. Taking the bookmaker with them, the agents began visiting race tracks; on their fourth visit the bookie recognized the man they wanted.

A number of small cleaning-and-pressing establishments were victimized by a soldier wearing sergeant's stripes. He would change from an ordinary suit to his uniform in the shop. After a few visits he would pay his bill with a stolen check, taking the \$25

or \$30 change, and disappear. Going to each tailor shop in that part of the city, agents presently came to one he was "building up." Then they simply waited for him to come and get his suit. They learned that he was a deserter from the Army.

In a Brooklyn case a check stealer ordered an overcoat "like the one I'm wearing, with these four rows of stitching" from clothing stores. In each instance he made a \$5 deposit, pending the alterations, with a stolen check—and walked off with the change. Getting a good description of him, as a prosperous, undersized man of middle age, Secret Service men began going to all apartment houses in the vicinity, locating first the superintendent or janitor and interviewing each tenant who fitted the description. At the end of two days they found a man who aroused their suspicions; they asked him to come with them for questioning. Protesting complete innocence he obligingly agreed, and put on his overcoat. It was marked with the four telltale rows of stitching.

It takes less than three months for the average check stealer to spin the web that enmeshes him. While a skilled forger may last a little longer, he also weaves a net every time he writes a name. With the assistance of a microscope, handwriting experts can soon tell the work of any penman, from the unconscious pressure of his hand on an upstroke, the way he touches his pen to the paper, the fine tremor on a long stroke.

The first step in picking up the trail of a professional forger may lie in locating the "model"—the particular check from which the signature has been traced. Hundreds of Jonathan C. Smith's old checks may be compared with the forgery under a ground-glass table top with a light underneath; suddenly a perfect fit shows up. That is the only time Jonathan C. Smith ever wrote his name *exactly* as it was forged. The detailed story of that good check may lead to the forger.

Last year checks drawn on "National Highways" for \$150 apiece turned up in an Eastern city of the United States. Since there are no real "National High-

ways" checks, Secret Service agents stepped in. The checks had been presented by a suave, prosperous-looking gentleman of about 60 at a leading hotel. He had introduced himself as a Government highway engineer. For several days he made friends. He was a good mixer, and created an excellent impression. He carried what appeared to be fine credentials, and paid cash. Then, Saturday afternoon, he produced a "National Highways" check. The hotel manager okehed it readily. It was printed on brown check paper. The pleasant "highway engineer" cashed three other checks, among his newly made friends, within an hour or so. Then he disappeared.

The Secret Service warned police and hotel men in other cities to be on the lookout for the "highway engineer," but he repeatedly made his getaway before being spotted. His check trail led to Cleveland, Chicago, and St. Louis. Once the local police reached his hotel room less than ten minutes after he had left. At St. Louis, however, he told a



"WITH THE assistance of a microscope, experts can tell the work of any penman."

young woman of the underworld that he was going to Oklahoma City. There the police caught up with him.

Chief Frank J. Wilson, of the United States Secret Service, estimates 100 million dollars as the annual bad-check total in the

United States, including professional forgeries, check stealings, and worthless paper generally. Because of the outstanding success of the "Know Your Money" campaign that he has been carrying on against counterfeiting, he urges that the same educational tactics be used against forgery. "A well-informed public," he says, "will make things a lot tougher for forgers, just as it has for counterfeiters." *

Here are some precautions:

Don't cash checks for strangers.

Print your name in capitals when making out deposit slips. Signed slips, thrown into a wastebasket because of error, may prove useful to forgers.

Checks for even amounts are easily raised—6 to 60, 7 to 70, and so on—unless you are careful to cross out unused space on the check. The written word "Five" can often readily be changed to the beginning of "Twenty-five" or "Two hundred." Look at your handwriting and see.

Scrutinize all certified checks as carefully as any others. Certification stamps can be duplicated.

Don't leave your bank statements and vouchers in office drawers or other places where they might be seen by someone else. They show where you keep your account, how much there is in it, and your signature.

The best safeguard of all, in cashing checks for others, is to insist on an endorsement you *know* to be the genuine signature of someone with whom you personally are acquainted, who is good for the amount. Take the same precautions, also, with a Government check as with any other. Any WPA check with address far removed from the place where it is presented should be regarded with suspicion.

In its warfare against forgers the Secret Service made 2,222 arrests last year. Postal inspectors and local and private police made other thousands. But for those who were defrauded, that was like locking the stable door after the horse is gone. Far more important are elementary, commonsense precautions in writing checks or cashing them.

* See *Money to Burn*, by Myron M. Stearns, September, 1940, *ROTARIAN*.



WHEN, last April, the Tenth Annual Greene County (Ohio) Youth Hobby Fair closed its doors and the exhibits were returned to their proud, youthful owners, every member of the Rotary Club of Xenia, Ohio, drew a deep breath—and dashed off to make plans for the 1942 show!

Staging a hobby show is work. It costs money. But it is a barrel of fun—and it is Youth Service with a capital "S." There is only one way to have a successful youth hobby fair, say Xenia Rotarians, and that is to go into it enthusiastically and with 100 percent of the Rotary Club taking part.

Xenia not only has ten years of its own experience, but it also has the previous experience of the Cincinnati, Ohio, Rotary Club, which pioneered with its Boys' Hobby Fair and which gave wholeheartedly of its experience when Xenia began. One of the first lessons Xenia marked up was: don't leave the girls out! Make it a youth hobby fair, with girls and boys welcome to enter all classes.

Right now the beginnings of the 1942 Fair are under way in Xenia and Greene County. The school officials have been invited to a meeting of the Rotary Club, together with the key teachers—mostly the handicraft and domestic-science leaders—at which the plans for the Fair are discussed. At first, the Xenia Club reports, the school-teachers and officials were lukewarm. Today they are the most enthusiastic boosters of the plan.

The key Committee of the Club is the Booster and Survey Committee. It is not picked haphazardly. Seven or eight members are chosen who know the work of the Fair, who will give the time, who can speak clearly and lucidly to

school children, and who have infinite patience.

Through the cooperation of the school authorities, a list of schools in the county is made and divided up among the members. On dates arranged the Committee members visit "their" schools. The first call is spent in addressing the school assembly, to arouse enthusiasm of the students and implant the idea of exhibiting.

A short time later, on a prearranged date, the Committeeman comes again. This time he answers questions. Between visits, written questions have been filed either with the principal of the school or some teacher or student designated by the principal. These questions—and others that pop up—are answered. A supply of "manuals of rules and regulations" is left, together with the classification charts and entry cards.

The third call is made the week before the Hobby Fair opens, and it is for the purpose of collecting the entry cards. There is an important blank on the entry cards. It is to be signed by the teacher or parent and certifies that the entry is the work of the youth who exhibits it. In addition, the entry blank gives the name of the exhibitor, school, grade, age, and project to be exhibited.

With the collection of the entry cards, the work of the Committee—but not that of the Committeemen—is ended. The cards go to the Entry and Classification Committee. Here each card is numbered, the exhibit classified according to the manual, and the proper age group noted. Exhibitors in the first to

eighth grades are in Group A, and the high-school entrants in Group B, to make competition fair.

This Committee must also receive the exhibits, giving a receipt, and route them to the proper exhibit space. From the entry blanks a comprehensive list of exhibitors' names, school, grade, and entry numbers is kept, and a numerical list is also prepared. With from 400 to 800 exhibitors—there is no limit to the number of entries by each exhibitor, and one boy once won *nine* firsts in as many classes!—the Committee has plenty of work on hand. The Committee also takes charge of releasing the exhibits after the Fair closes.

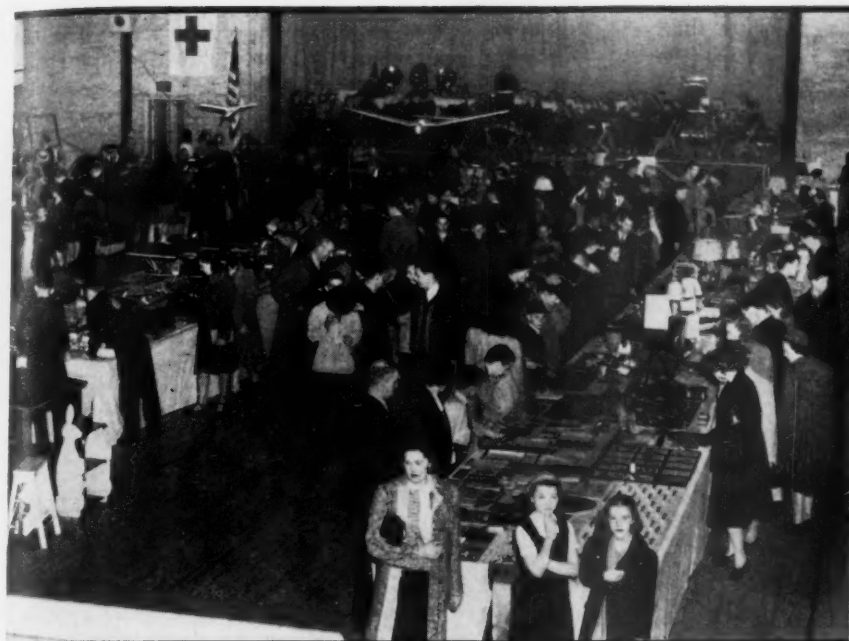
The Arrangements Committee secures the exhibition space, the necessary showcases, racks, tables, and the like for exhibiting the entries—they work with a copy of the master list from the Entry and Classification Committee—and for setting up the display in the most attractive manner.

Part of the "get-together" atmosphere of the Hobby Fair is the work of the Music Committee. There are afternoon and evening concerts during the two days of the Fair, with music provided by various school bands and orchestras from the county.

The Judging and Awards Committee has a difficult task—that of selecting competent judges. The judges are not Rotarians and are chosen from a wide area. Each is an expert in his or her line.

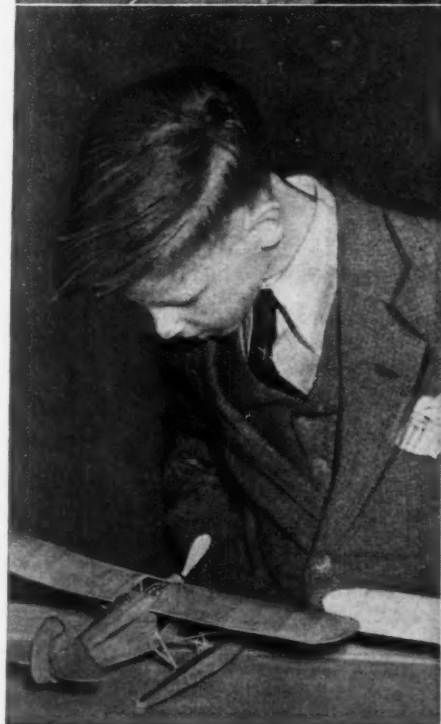
The judges are completely unhampered in their work, and their decisions are final. The names of the exhibitors are not known to the judges, but their ages are, and are considered in making the award. First, second, and third places, with ribbons, are given in each

By S. N. McClellan
Chairman, Hobby Fair Committee,
Rotary Club of Xenia, Ohio



IS THERE any age that does not appreciate dolls? Not if the camera's eye tells true, for here are youths (above) and adults (below).

HERE (above) is a general view of Xenia's Hobby Fair, with crowds ebbing and flowing all afternoon and evening—exhibitors, parents, teachers, and "just public." Below is a monster model of the *Normandie*, a year's work of love and patience, now rewarded by the "oh's" and "ah's" of the admiring audience as it shares the stage with musicians.



REAL planes from near-by Wright Field soar constantly over Greene County, so what is more natural than a full crop of model airplanes, both flying and static, such as shown at the left? . . . Below: An exacting amateur musician seems greatly pleased with the work of an amateur xylophone maker. Can it be that prize-winning maker and player are one?





JUDGES are not the happiest of creatures when it comes to picking out the best from among the myriads of exhibits, though the spectators always know just how they would decide!



COLLECTIONS in albums take a lot of looking over (above), be they stamps, postcards, photographs, or clippings. . . . There are countless points to consider when exhibits are being judged. Here (below), to pick the winner, an expert looks at the way the joints are made.



class. Classes are grouped in departments in both age groups, and from the department winners the grand-prize winner is selected.

All departmental prize winners—which includes the grand-prize winner, of course—are guests of the Rotary Club at a subsequent meeting, and at this meeting, certificates of merit, attractive in design, are awarded. Certificates are also presented at the meeting to the various class-prize winners.

One of the early mistakes the Rotary Club of Xenia discovered and corrected was the awarding of merchandise prizes. The lure of some grand prize led to undue aggressive efforts, some of them unfair, to win. And experience has since taught that the certificates, being permanent, are treasured long after a piece of merchandise has been worn out and thrown away.

Another temptation that the Rotary Club believes would be a mistake is to solicit the cooperation of other groups. Ten years of experience have convinced Xenia Rotarians that the Hobby Fair is best as a purely Rotary project. It costs about \$200 each year, which is met by voluntary contributions from Rotarians.

The final Committee is the Reception Committee, which includes every member of the Club. During the two days—Friday and Saturday—that the Fair runs, at least five members are on the floor from 1 P.M., when it opens, to 11 P.M., when it closes. Usually more than half the 45 members of the Club are on hand, however, especially in the rush evening hours.

What's the ultimate good of it all? The Rotary Club of Xenia feels that it can claim to have made a substantial contribution to the welfare of the community by encouraging youth to spend spare time in profitable, wholesome, and safe pursuits. And, as an added dividend, the Club feels itself rejuvenated by this activity.

That is why trouble, work, expense, and extra hours mean nothing to Xenia Rotarians. For in their Annual Greene County Hobby Fair, they have found—their own hobby!

To Run a Hobby Fair—

For many years, hobby fairs have been an activity of Rotary Clubs—so much so that File 641, sent by the Chicago Office of the Secretariat of Rotary International on request, deals with experience of many Clubs—large, medium, and small. The Xenia Fair, being typical and average as to size of Club, has been presented as a fine example of what many Clubs accomplish. Also available from the Secretariat are Files 685, *Leisure-Time Activities for Youth*; 686B, *Making the Most of Leisure*; 689, *Recreation That Pays Dividends*; and 690, *Capitalizing Leisure Time*—all free.—Eds.

Ray Giles asks: Does Your Hobbyhorse Need Wings?

HOLD EVERYTHING! Don't send your wheezing old hobbyhorse to the rendering works!

Well, maybe he *is* just a sway-backed nag on his last legs. And suppose he does mope in his stall, and the critter's coat is mangy and matted with sand-burs. Who's fault is that? Maybe your once-enjoyed mount hasn't been getting proper attention. And he has nothing that a good pair of wings can't cure!

Wings? Yes! That's it. You can transform the old steed into a soaring Pegasus with a pair of wings. Remember Pegasus, the pinto pal of the Muses, who made those nonstop flights to heaven when he wasn't munching grass in the pastures of ancient Greece? With wings, your hobbyhorse can carry you to a leisure-time "heaven" too.

How? Well, let's see. Ever been in a private office whose walls fairly sagged with autographed pictures of friends and business associates of the boss? You have? Well, these pictures are probably the work of a fellow riding the garden-variety hobbyhorse. But I know a picture-taking boss whose old mount sprouted wings.

When I recently walked into the inner sanctum of Bill K., I found 300 infants gazing at me with the many special moods of babyhood. You know—startled uncertainty, gurgling grins of thanks for a well-filled stomach, here a peering glance of suspicion, and there a flash of carefree irresponsibility given only to babies. That's the difference.

Years ago Bill and I used to go camera hunting together. We shot just about everything our imaginations and the photo magazines suggested: choice bits of architecture, strange animals at the zoo, "different" water-front scenes, and the oddities popping up in the town's "foreign quarters." Just for good meas-



ure we frequented railroad roundhouses, shipyards, museums, and other places less known to the uncandid cameras of years gone by.

But somehow our hobbyhorse folded up and passed out—just like the horses that used to pull fire wagons when we were kids. It was years later that I visited Bill's office and learned how his dead "hay-burner" came to life again—with wings.

Although he'd tired of aimlessly snapping the shutter and piling up negatives and prints, Bill hadn't lost his fascination for making pictures. While wondering how he could revive and vitalize his hobby, he remembered that he'd had most fun taking pictures of babies. But his youngsters and the offspring of his friends were grown up, and he didn't know how to get a batch of babies to coo before his camera.

One day he saw a foreman in his factory proudly distributing cigars in celebration of his son's debut, and he thought: "Why shouldn't I swap a few free photos for an hour's use of his baby?" Dozens of babies were being born every year right under his nose, so to speak!

But before going to the foreman, he

telt out several closer associates. These dads were delighted. And the word that "the boss is nuts about babies" spread like a prairie fire. So when Bill got up enough courage to borrow babies from little-known employees, they grinned in fatherly fellowship, and had their wives bring their little ones around to Bill's office on a Saturday afternoon.

Then he shuffled his battered old Graflex to his heart's content, catching infants in various stages of dress and undress, pleasure, and squawling dissatisfaction. It's hardly necessary to add that Bill's popularity soared, that his employee-employer relations thermometer hit Summer heat, and that the plant became a big family circle.

Yes! Bill put wings on a hobbyhorse ready for the bone yard. And Bill's experience reminds me that an ingrown, self-centered hobby isn't half the fun of one that's outgrowing and expansive. Remaining among the amateur photographers, I've found that sometimes even the simplest equipment can bring enjoyment to the owner and his friends, and carry pleasure to others in many parts of the world.

Rotarian Don E. Knapp, jeweler of Howell, Michigan, has become quite an



authority on traffic accidents through his camera hobby. For the past five years he has been photographing every motor accident that comes within his ken. Started by a crash at a near-by corner, he has kept at it until some 1,500 accident results are in his files.

As an aftermath of his hobby, Knapp finds that it now pays its own expenses! So valuable are the pictures he takes to the law-enforcement officials that the sheriff and police chief call him whenever an accident is reported, and the fees for prints pay the cost of his fun.

And to exhibit this hobby with an original twist, glimpse Rotarian W. H. MacKellar, of Peekskill, New York, in action. When travelling, he's like most of us and likes to send picture postcards back home. But he doesn't stop with buying postcards; he makes them himself, and dispatches them to home folks with rare discrimination.

The "boys" at the Peekskill Post Office get shots of some of "Uncle Sam's" postal buildings around the country, and his cards to a trustee of the local library depict libraries in cities visited. That gives you the idea.

To a friend who edits a journal of geology he has sent photographs no end of rocks—"from Plymouth Rock on down," to use his own words.

"**L**IGHT caught in a camera," says Rotarian R. E. O'Bolger, of Shanghai, China, "is a modern magician's wand." That his statement is true is gleaned from his hobby discussion on the mysteries of infrared photography in *THE ROTARIAN* for July, 1937. Scientific research—"hobby tinkering"—developed a film and camera which captures things the human eye cannot see!

Tinkering? Ah, who hasn't passed the stage when he just couldn't resist taking apart the alarm clock! But A. L. Link, of Kansas City, Missouri, put his imagination and his finger on the same idea. Twenty years ago he got to thinking about people who needed typewriters for some good or special reason, but who couldn't afford them.



Picking up a couple of junked machines for next to nothing, he put them in first-class running order and sold them for just enough to cover his costs. He's been at it ever since.

When I asked him to name the greatest pleasure which his hobby brings him, he had to hand me two answers:

"One," he said, "is repairing special Braille writing machines for the blind. The other is turning over a reconditioned machine to some person who is so old that his hands no longer can hold a pen, but who can learn to peck out letters with two fingers. In this way he can renew old friendships, and communicate with sons and daughters who are now living in distant cities."

From fixing old typewriters to repairing ailing animals is only a short step on the fields where the hobby-horses gather, so let's take it. Meet H. E. Anderson, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He takes deaf dogs up to heights of 10,000 feet and more for those power dives which so often miraculously restore hearing.

When I last saw Anderson, he had "dived" nine animals, and had a waiting list of 30 more. Cures have been effected in about half the cases which he has handled.

And real wings flutter on the hobby of another benefactor of animals—young Pat Lambert, of New York City. Ever since he was in knee breeches, Pat has loved to play physician and surgeon to birds. Today, although he's only 26, he has a record of treating at least 3,000 of them, and with great success.

One of his more striking "miracles" was restoring a parrot to perfection after it had walked into a whirling electric fan. Another feat of magic was rehabilitating a canary struck by lightning. "I had to teach it to eat, drink, walk, sing, and bathe itself all over again," Pat mused.

Who hasn't at one time or another wanted to own a zoo or a circus? Few of us ever got beyond the wishing stage, but Mrs. Cecil Rae, wife of Rotarian Rae, of Ipoh, Federated Malay States—a Past Vice-President of Rotary International—has a unique collection of birds and ani-

mals in the beautiful gardens about *Hilderne*, the Rae home. The Rae "zoo" includes fascinating specimens from many countries, and visitors share in the enjoyment of the couple's hobby.

At least two botanical hobbies of which I am aware are carrying their riders all over the United States. Once Dr. L. G. Roeder, of Los Angeles, California, collected flowers just for personal enjoyment—but no more! Today his collections of California's beautiful wild flowers are found in the botany classrooms of many Eastern high schools—love offerings which the Doctor has assembled from time to time during his own spare hours.

And the spirit of Johnny Appleseed lives today in the person of Lt. Col. George A. Lake, now nearly 80. This retired Army officer has travelled over 30,000 miles planting thousands of trees for the happiness of others.

"I like to plant walnuts especially," he told me, "and ones from the grounds around the homes of George Washington and General Robert E. Lee. When I do that, I'm combining history, welcome shade in Summer, and a nice crop of nuts for the boys and girls to harvest and eat in the Fall."

Eating reminds me of cooking, a hobby which is putting aprons on more and more men. Of course, Gelett Burgess, Dudley Field Malone, and Jack Dempsey enjoyed their stewing and fricasseeing when they stirred up things solely for their families. But a hobby has a way of growing merely by giving it a larger audience, as these celebrities discovered when they joined up with Bob Davis, Walter Slezak, Rex Stout, and several others to form The Society of Amateur Chefs and cook for one another on "feed nights." Dempsey now has a famous New York restaurant, which probably can be traced to his hobby interest.

PERHAPS the hobby of Ralph Bellamy, he-man heart interest of the movies, has, however, a still wider wing-spread. Each year he puts up exactly 80 jars of dill pickles and distributes them among his friends!

In the realm of hobbies, a great deal of collecting becomes aimless accumulation. When a real purpose exists, the collecting hobbyhorse can gallop into something rich and rewarding, as Rotarian John Woodman Higgins, of Worcester, Massachusetts, has proved. For more than a quarter century he's been an enthusiastic assembler of ancient weapons and rare and beautiful armor. Today in his private museum—to which the public is always invited—you'll find a unique arsenal inclusive of fully armored knights astride gayly caparisoned steeds.

And caparisoned chargers remind me of rich fabrics and the hobby of Chicago Rotarian Sarkis H. Nahigian. Coming to the United States from Armenia, Rotarian Nahigian was interested in fine Oriental rugs, and this interest has developed into a hobby which has flown to the aid of crippled youngsters in the Chicago area.

This connoisseur draws upon his

\$500,000 collection for exhibits shown along with talks on the romance of Oriental fabrics at Rotary Club ladies' nights. Fees received go for Crippled Children Work in his own Club and others.

More than 500 pipes fill six large cases in the sitting-room of Rotarian Edward Unwin, of London, England, another collector whose hobbyhorse has wings. Some collectors pride themselves on German meerschaums, or their French and Italian briar-root pipes, or the wooden and porcelain pipes of the Dutch colonists, but Rotarian Unwin is proud of his clay pipes. Of these he has 50, some of which were used in the days of the Great Plague (1664-65), buried

Cartoons by
Ray Inman



then and dug up later. He, too, has found that a collector learns much of peoples, whether his hobby is armor, pipes, canes, branding irons, or coins.

Swinging now to the profit side of the hobby ledger, one discovers Rotarian Eugene Klein, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, who thinks there is "no more precise and fascinating and potentially profitable hobby than stamp collecting." And he knows. For he has done so well with his hobby that the American Philatelic Society made him its president for the 1935-37 term.

Wendover Neefus, a member of the Hudson, New York, Rotary Club, and his neighbor Rotarian Ezra D. Cole, of Nyack, New York, are two more hobbyists in the stamp-collecting field who have become professional philatelists. At Wooster, Ohio, is Rotarian D. Blake Battles, still another stampman who has followed his hobbyhorse into business.

Rotarian Stephen G. Rich, of Verona, New Jersey, is a book publisher who collects precancelled stamps (among others) as a hobby. He has become the publisher of a precancel magazine, *The Precancel Bee*.

One afternoon, radio's Dave Elman

was telling me about some of his "hobbylogical" discoveries while interviewing 15,000 hobbyists for his airplanes program, *Hobby Lobby*. Dave thinks that one opportunity overlooked by hobbyists is the bringing together of all ages and interests. He laments the fact that the young philatelists gang together, that the elderly genealogists are clanish, and so on. In following many hobby interests, still more refreshment and stimulation come by mixing age groups—opportunities for young and old to swap chitchat, he says.

Take unemployment. Many social-minded men and women make a hobby of helping either the young folks just out of school or the "forty-plussers." But Sidney Edlund, a New York businessman, had a different idea: Why not bring together job hunters of both sexes and all ages for mutual helpfulness? And under his leadership, and with the aid of several other executives who enjoy this hobby, such groups have been meeting weekly for four years.

This Man Marketing Clinic offers a revelation of the value found in introducing elderly schoolteachers to youthful accountants, and middle-aged advertising men to girls who have just been graduated from secretarial school. Each has something to offer the other when proposed letters of application are read for criticism, and opportunities are discussed in various occupational fields.

I know a sculptor whose hobby is teaching modelling to a mixed group—where the youngest student is a little girl of 7, and the oldest is a retired businessman of 73. And there's the hobby of an electrical engineer, which has brought together fellow craftsmen of all ages, who congregate in his home.

Many are the musical hobbyhorses with wings. Tony Wons, he of the satin radio voice, makes five or six violins every year which he donates to worthy persons. John Buss, a Pennsylvanian, makes guitars, mandolins, and violins, and gives them to his friends, who but for his hobby might never be more than indifferent bathroom tenors. And numerous honors have come to Rotarians devoting spare time to music.

In Perry, New York, there's Albert R. Watrous, who is one of the few performers on earth who can play the theremin—a remarkable electric music-maker which can duplicate the sound of a cello, flute, or almost any other musical instrument desired. Rotarian Watrous doesn't even touch it; he just waves his hands this way and that, and out of the dynamic speaker comes music unknown before mysterious tubes, coils, antenna, and coils were invented by Leon Theremin, a Russian. For ten years Rotarian Watrous has been busy demonstrating this new form of music.

Rotarian Claude J. Heritier, of Columbia City, Indiana, is another who has made his hobbyhorse pay. While hundreds of his brain children—songs—have found their way to wastebaskets, about 50 of them hold real promise. His song *Heaven Is My Destination Tonight* has been aired over a Chicago radio station, and his *I'll Be Goin'* was broadcast by a famous orchestra over a national

network of radio stations not long ago.

Another hobbyist to win musical fame is Ernest Nickel, of Los Angeles, California, who whistles so melodiously that he's been honored as guest star with symphony orchestras in Vienna, Berlin, and San Francisco.

Many of our favorite hymns have come from amateur composers. A sales manager I know composes church music under a pen name, and gets a great "kick out of life" when the organist of his church plays and praises his compositions without being aware that the "hardboiled" businessman who passes the collection plate in the left aisle is the composer.

GETTING your hobby into church reminds me of one followed for many years by a teataster. Although a Protestant, he liked to circulate among other churches to get a sympathetic understanding of all faiths. On a Sunday you might find him in a Roman Catholic church or a Quaker meeting house, at a Christian Science service, or in some other place of worship.

He died a few years ago. When his funeral services had been concluded by the minister of his own church, others arose to testify to the meaning found in his example. These supplementary speakers were pastors of three Protestant denominations, a Catholic priest, a Quaker, and a Christian Scientist.

Maybe some wouldn't call his spare-time activity a hobby, but it seems to me it was. For his pastime not only enlarged his own horizon, but set an



example which made the whole town a better place in which to live.

So, hold everything! Don't send your tottering old hobbyhorse to the bone yard. Stop and ask yourself: "Does he need wings?"

Does this article interest you? If so, turn to the *Hobbyhorse Hitching Post*, a regular monthly feature, page 61.—Eds.



Where City Man and Country Man Mingle

The Scratchpad Man Reports on an Affair at Edgerton, Wisconsin

THE EDITOR had just given me my next travel assignment. "So now," he concluded, "you're off for Wisconsin—quote, America's Dairyland, unquote. But a toast before you go!" So saying, he hoisted his regular morning glass of milk to his eyes and tossed it off with a smack.

"Prosit!" said he.

"Cheese it!" said I . . . and that same afternoon I found myself in Edgerton—where I was to "pick up a unique yarn" on rural-urban relations, Rotary-inspired. With a bit of time to "shoot," I poked around town, made these notes:

"Nice little town of 3,000 souls. . . . Old but alive. . . . Kind of town many Rotarians were born in, live in, or yearn to retire to. . . . Pea hulleries and huge dairy barns bloom all over surrounding country—and tobacco sheds, too! Edgerton's big tobacco market. The local weekly paper is called *Wisconsin Tobacco Reporter*."

During my supper over at the Highway Restaurant the Rotarian manager assured me: "Yes, sir! This is a farmers' town, and proud of it! One big reason why we merchants and the farmers get along so well is that. . . ."

I saw the reason a few minutes later over in the brand-new schoolhouse "gym." Edgerton's fourth annual Farm Night was on, and most of the 1,000 farmer guests and merchant hosts were already finding seats amid a lot of chatter and chaffing about the price of pork, the draft, the last school-board meeting, road conditions, and anthrax.

Soon some band music shushed the crowd and the program was on. While it sped merrily toward the Main Speech and the "eats," I sneaked around and found Tom Hamilton, director of high-school agriculture and organizer of the first of these Farm Nights back in 1937.

"Our Club was then only a year old," he told me. "We saw in the idea a way of breaking down that invisible but real fence that stands between the men of Main Street and the men of farm and field. Course, they'd always got along well before, buying from and selling to each other amicably enough. But here was a chance to bring them together in an atmosphere of free and open fellowship, equality. We'd give them some fun, some food, some serious talk."

Did the idea work? You bet, and so well that in the following year Edger-

ton Rotarians turned the idea over to the Chamber of Commerce, saw every merchant, doctor, dentist, and lawyer in town pitch in. "The Rotary idea, isn't it?" Rotarian Hamilton asked. "Start an idea, step aside, but keep plugging."

Quite a story, isn't it? But I've told only half of it. There's a dandy sequel. Two years ago, after the farmers had thrice been the guests of Edgerton main streeters, they said to their collective selves: "This has gone far enough! Too much a one-way affair. Now *we're* going to reciprocate." And they did—with the first annual Businessmen's Night. Over 1,200 men attended the 1941 version of it—consumed 1,750 sandwiches, 1,800 cups of coffee, made the high-school "gym" bulge with laughter, got down to do some thinking about their common problems.

Like as not, your own Rotary Club is one of the hundreds that have an annual rural-urban dinner. If it is, you'll get a sympathetic "kick" out of these pictures I brought back. If it isn't, you'll at least agree that here's a great big job even a small-town Club can do in a great big way. All it takes is a start.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



MAIN STREET, Edgerton. Behind the old fronts are many a new business (Grandpa knew no "frozen malted") and a new community spirit.

BELOW: The "Come and get it!" cry has gone up—and 900 farmer guests and their 100 businessmen hosts swarm into the mess line. No frills on this "grub"—sandwiches, doughnuts, coffee, and milk—but plenty of it for "seconds." This, you understand, is just a light 10 P.M. lunch.



THE NEW high-school "gym" gets a thorough "janitoring" as Farm Night nears. It's the site.



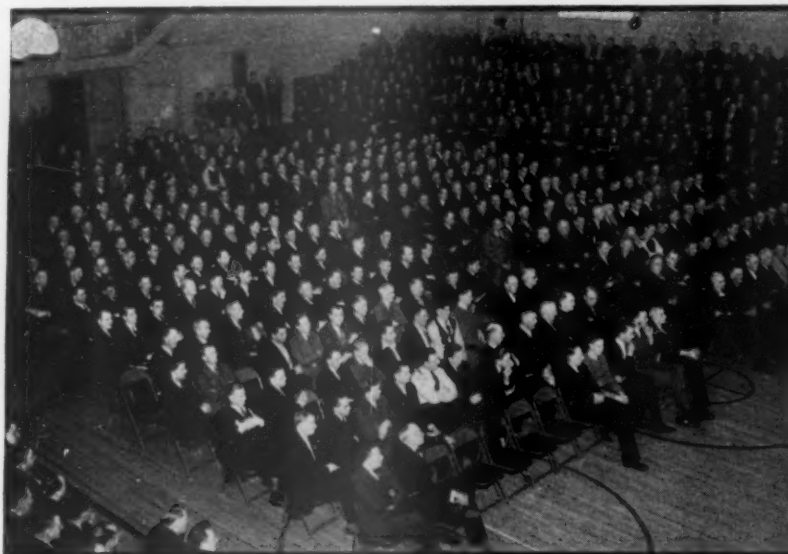
FIRST ON HAND is the Foods Committee (above and below), which uses assembly-line methods.



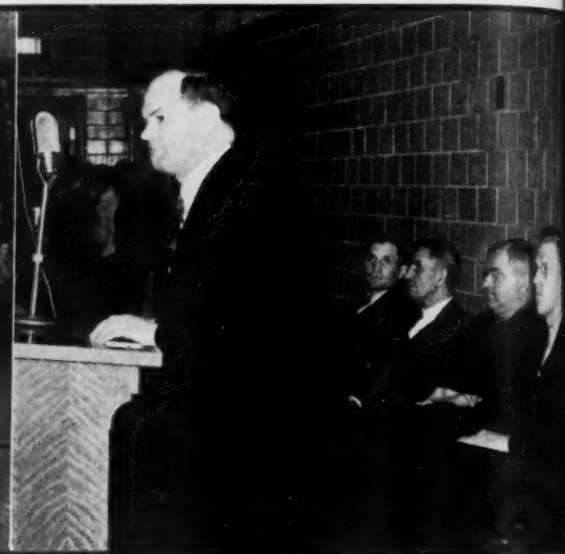


HIGHEST STEP in the evening's hilarity is a dance routine by these gorgeous "chorines" behind whose rouge and ruffles you'll detect 13 staid business and professional men. Rotarian Restaurateur Herbert Goede (far

right) is the producer of these Edgerton "follies," sends his "girls" down into the audience to sit on the laps of bald-headed men. There's precious little reserve or aloofness left in the crowd as the curtain rings the

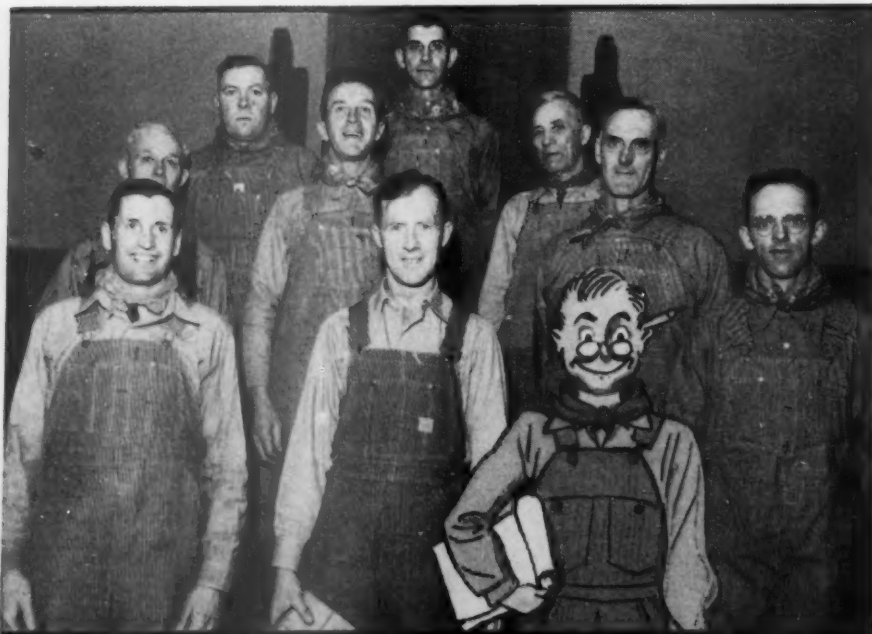


QUIET NOW, but still chuckling inside, the crowd of 1,000 farmers and businessmen settles back to hear the evening's speaker, Ralph Ammon, director of Wisconsin's department of agriculture and markets, talk on *Rural America, Bulwark of Democracy*.



SPEAKER AMMON in action. Behind him are (left to right) Chell Sayre, Fulton farmer; R. V. Hurley, "county agent"; L. Markham, Janesville farmer; Rotarian Tom Hamilton, Chairman.

On Businessmen's Night the



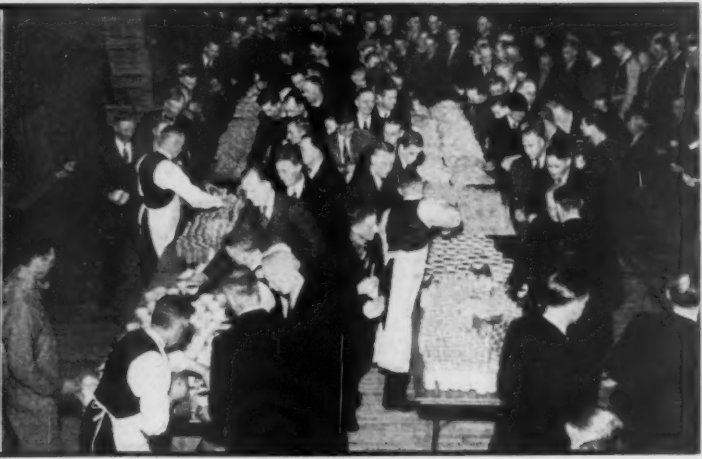
ABOUT ONE MONTH after the big night which Edgerton businessmen give farmers of the area, those same farmers turn about and stage Businessmen's Night. At least they have twice—and are planning to make it thrice. I was on hand at the second celebration of it—and brought back the photographs that follow.

"We're going to forget everything," said Chairman Claude Kirby, prominent toper of Sumner farmer, in his welcome speech "except that we are friends and neighbors and are here to have a good time." His words were heeded to the letter. We have been greeted at the door and introduced around among the 1,200 men by overalls ushers (left). And now the program was under way—here in the high-school gymnasium again—with some tall-tale telling and with a magician who shredded borrowed neckties to bits and then restored them to the whole cloth. Then came the toast of the evening, an address by the famous phony agronomist.

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THE TABLES—but they're turned when Businessmen's Night comes around. In this event the farmers butter the buns, and are the hosts.

NO MATTER who "dishes it out," these gentlemen "can take it." The 1,200 guests and hosts eat 1,750 buns, 2,160 doughnuts, 1,800 cups of coffee.



t farmers 'Get Back'

A CLOSE-UP as the crowd listens to a phony farm expert, Axel Christiansen, widely known humorist. . . . (Below) Clothier Clauden Farman and School Superintendent R. A. Klaus, a Rotarian, stand and wonder what to do next with their live door prizes.

Then . . . "the feed bag." From the same
chens in which Edgerton businessmen had
manufactured masculine delicacies a month earlier
w came heaps of more of the same, but this
e produced by the farmers.
Farmers and businessmen between whom there
usually a store counter, a stock scale, or a
ortgage, now walked away from the food line
gether, found a spot in the bleachers, and,
gling coffee cups, doughnuts, and sandwiches,
a around to some old-fashioned heart-to-heart
nning. If the janitor hadn't wanted to get home,
ne of them would have talked till dawn.
If Edgerton's two big nights had broken up a
erchant-farmer feud of long standing, there
ght be more drama in this story—but there
ver was such a feud. What, then, has the pro-
am accomplished? This: It has converted mere
quaintance into understanding, has emphasized
interdependence of town and country, and
paved the way for some real coöperation.
d that's a prime requisite at all times—but
ver more so than when a country has decided
go "all out" for defense.





Rotary Reporter

Club Helps Hunt Aluminum

When Clifton Springs, N. Y., undertook the local aluminum drive, the local Rotary Club supplied the chairman and pitched in with all local organizations to collect 500 pounds in one day.

Soft-Ball Game Nets Hard Cash

A soft-ball game between the Rotary Club of THOMASVILLE, N. C., and the Lions Club netted \$350 toward the purchase of an incubator for the city hospital. Incidentally, the score was 10 to 2 in favor of the Rotarians.

Club Aids Boys and Invalids

Started by a group from the Rotary Club of SAN JOSE, COSTA RICA, a complete reorganization of the reformatory for boys of the city was approved by the Government. In addition, the Rotarians have initiated an Anti-Tuberculosis Society to give aid to the families of those whose breadwinners are in the national sanatorium.

Steak Feast Lures 'em Out

One way to get a new Board of Directors out for a meeting was discovered by the Rotary Club of LEOTI, KANS. Taking advantage of the weather, the President opened the meeting with an open-air steak fry—his treat! There were no absentees!

Come Clean with Suits for Seamen

Suits collected by the Rotary Club of KATOOMBA, AUSTRALIA, for donation to shipwrecked seamen

are carefully cleaned and packaged by Club President William H. Whalan as his donation to the work.

Camp Week Adds 4 Pounds per Boy

The annual Service Club Big Brother Camp for boys of COLUMBIA, S. C., added an average of 4.2 pounds to each of the 174 who attended for one week. Sponsored by seven service clubs, over one-fourth of the total cost is borne by one of these—the Rotary Club.

Firemen Now Breathe Easier

When the first-aid crew of the fire department of LEXINGTON, VA., needed a resuscitator, the Rotary Club of the city sponsored a campaign which brought the necessary equipment.

Club Histories Refresh Memories

How many Rotary Clubs keep up an annual history? Two widely separated Clubs do, at least. Since 1926, the Rotary Club of CRANFORD, N. J., has appointed a historian each year to keep the record up to date. And one historian has compiled and annually edits the history of the WINNETKA, ILL., Rotary Club.

Rotarians Act As Island Hosts

When 200 Mississippians, many of them Rotarians, made a goodwill visit to PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA, the Rotary Club of CHARLOTTE-TOWN shared largely in their entertainment, providing transportation for a sightseeing trip. The visit, a part of a

"Know Mississippi Better" program, was termed a "peaceful and welcome invasion of the island" by the CHARLOTTE-TOWN newspaper.

Horses and Mules Vie for Charity

When the Rotary Club of THE WEST BANK, at GRETN, LA., sponsored the Algiers Sunshine Club's horse show recently, more than 3,000 people turned out to swell the sum which will purchase food and toys this Winter for underprivileged children of the WEST BANK.

Pastor's Birthday Brings Full Church

When they discovered that a recent Sunday was a fellow member's birthday, the entire membership of the Rotary Club of HUNTINGTON, N. Y., with their ladies, met in a body outside the member's church and marched in just before services started—to the delight of Rotarian Rev. Paul H. Pallmeyer, whose birthday it was.

Silver Candles for Birthdays

Six Rotary Clubs have been celebrating their 25th anniversaries recently. Here are congratulations to JERSEY CITY, N. J.; GREENSBURG, PA.; SHEBOYGAN, WIS.; ANN ARBOR, MICH.; LEWISTOWN, MONT.; and ELMIRA, N. Y.

Club Visits with Exceptional Kids

When the members of the Rotary Club of SAN MARCOS, TEX., went back to school, it was for a regular meeting held in the Brown's School for Exceptional Children. This happened

Photo: © Cape Times Service



THE CAPETOWN, South Africa, Rotary Club was host to Greek royalty recently. Left to right: Mrs. A. H. Gie; Crown Prince Paul; Club President Gie; Crown Princess Frederika; Rotarian Bishop Lavis; Princess Aspasia; J. van den Bergh; Mme. Tsouderos, wife of Greek Premier.

when the business director of the school, Bert P. Brown, was welcomed as the newest member of the Club.

Six Ohio Clubs Greet Chilean

Agustin Turner, Rotarian of VALPARAISO, CHILE, was the guest of honor and speaker at a recent intercity meeting of the Rotary Club of PIQUA, OHIO, to which six Ohio Clubs sent 137 members.

'Play Ball' Asks Alabama Club

A soft-ball field, complete with lighting equipment for night games, is the gift of the Rotary Club of FAIRHOPE, ALA., to its community. It is used four nights a week by local teams that have formed a league.

Canadians 'Act Up' for Charity

In a community of 7,000 people, the Rotary Club of YARMOUTH, N. S., CANADA, stages an annual "variety show." The latest performance netted more than \$1,900, of which \$900 was devoted to the Club's work for crippled children and the remainder given to the Canadian Red Cross.

A Rotarian, Even unto Death

Noting that in giving "service before self" he sacrificed his life to save others, the Rotary Club of CORINTH, MISS., has adopted a memorial to the late Fisher P. Weaver, a member of the CORINTH Club, who, while serving in the Army, swam to the rescue of some friends who were sinking, and so lost his own life.

Friendly Greetings in the Americas

Under the leadership of the Rotary Club of EGGERTSVILLE-SNYDER, N. Y., the Clubs of the "Niagara Frontier," on both the Canadian and New York sides of the Niagara River, have dispatched an illuminated greeting to the Rotary Club of GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA. In addition, a colored film of the scenery of the region and one of the airplane industry were sent to the GUATEMALA Club, to be circulated to other Clubs of the District.

Indian Club Plans Aid to Cripples

A panel of doctors has been selected for a clinic for crippled children by the Rotary Club of SHOLAPUR, INDIA. As soon as funds can be raised, a building will be erected by the Club. The newly opened school for the deaf and mute of the locality is being aided, as well.

Colorado Club Applies Yardstick

Latest reports of Rotary Clubs that are making community surveys (see page 46, October ROTARIAN) include one from ALAMOSA, COLO., where the local Rotary Club has already published some interesting figures, but feels that there is much more to be done—and plans to do it!

Put Gift Magazine to Useful Work

As a token of the value they place on the gift of REVISTA ROTARIA, Spanish-language edition of



BOY SCOUTS of Indiana, Pa., acted as hosts to the Rotary Club which sponsors them and whose members provide jobs so that the Scouts can earn uniforms and fees for a week's camp.



SHOPWORK is but one activity at the RKY camp of Kingston, Ont., Canada, supported by Rotary, Kiwanis, and the Y.M.C.A. Other "work" includes swimming, sailing, outdoor games. Boys use the camp in July. In August, the Y.W.C.A. takes over and holds a girls' camp.



WHEN "Dr. I.Q." of radio fame appeared in Toledo, Ohio, Rotarians arranged an off-the-air show at the Convalescent Home for Crippled Children—whose answers were above average! Bright, shiny dimes and plenty of candy bars made everyone winner of some kind of prize.



FIRST new Rotary Club of 1941-42, that of Ashland, Oreg., receives its charter, with the Medford, Oreg., Rotary Club as sponsor.

Photo: Tampa Times



SILK hose being taboo, ladies at the Tampa, Fla., Rotary Club display cotton or none at a ladies' day meeting and demonstration.

Photo: Lucky



DAVAO, Philippine Islands, Rotarians and their ladies joined to present this tableau at "Rotary Night" of the Parent-Teacher Association-sponsored carnival and fair exposition.



AROUND the world, Rotary Clubs are finding new services to render in emergencies in their respective nations. At Hammond, La., Rotarians are acting as unofficial recruiting agents for the Marine Corps. Front row shows first four recruits members in the rear row secured.

THE ROTARIAN, the Spanish classes of the Dunbar (Colored) High School sent the Rotary Club of DAYTON, OHIO, a set of translations from it. The DAYTON Club sends both editions of the magazine to eight schools.

Rotary and the World at War

While their ship was in dry dock, 50 British sailors were guests of the DURHAM, N. C., Rotary Club. . . . For children crippled by enemy action, the Rotary Club of NORTH BAY, ONT., CANADA, has sent £300. The LONDON Central Committee for the Care of Cripples has established a special fund for this purpose, of which this gift is the nucleus.

Reconstruction after the War, a symposium of ideas of British Rotarians, has been reprinted for the use of American Rotarians by Rotarian Elliott B. Wyman, of GLENDALE, CALIF.

From TORONTO, ONT., CANADA, where Rotarians will convene in 1942 for their international Convention, the Rotary Club has sent three shipments of clothing, 50 cases of concentrated soups, and \$1,000 to the Rotary Club of LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, for the people of LIVERPOOL, together with a consignment of layettes for the local maternity hospital. The



THE PAISLEY, Ont., Canada, Rotary Club presents check for \$1,000 for bomb victims, raised by cash gifts and auction of produce.

TORONTO Club is also collecting shoes for victims of bombings in England.

"Sister" Clubs are active: The Rotary Club of SALISBURY, N. C., has sent \$80 to the Rotary Club of SALISBURY, ENGLAND; in NORWICH, CONN., the Rotary Club is raising money for an ambulance for NORWICH, ENGLAND; and the GREENWICH, CONN., Rotary Club sent \$600 to its "sister" at GREENWICH, ENGLAND. . . . Each month the Rotary Clubs in the Ontario portion of District 152 meet at dinner, half of the cost of which is sent to England. A recent meeting netted \$35, which was increased to \$75 by the Rotary Club of SOUTHAMPTON, ONT., CANADA, and sent to the Rotary Club of SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND. . . . The Rotary Club of PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND, received a gift of £39 19s from the Rotary Club of PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

Furniture purchased by the Rotary Club of NEWCASTLE, AUSTRALIA, has been used by three camps so far, and will be available as needed by other military establishments near-by. . . . In SINGLETON, AUSTRALIA, the Rotary Club raised £300 by a war-activity carnival, and immediately planned another; £700 was raised jointly with the police for the local hospital X-ray fund; a blood donors' unit was formed; and a drive for books for the hospital was very successful. . . . LAUNCESTON, AUSTRALIA, Rotarians collected and shipped 19 cases of clothing, with 1,887 articles—and £25 in cash, as well—for the benefit of "bombed out" victims.

The Rotary Club of DETROIT, MICH., appropriated \$1,500 for the purchase of a mobile kitchen for Britain. . . . The Rotary Ball of the MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, Club netted £600. . . . The Rotary Club of PAISLEY, ONT., CANADA, was the spark plug of a drive that netted \$1,000 for British war victims. . . . Rotarians of LONDON, ENGLAND, have collected more than 10,000 tons of linen drawings and tracings which, when laundered, will yield surgical linen.

The Inter-Allied Rotary Outpost in London, comprising Rotarians from Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, France, The Netherlands, and Poland, meets regularly every two weeks. Casimir Zienkiewicz, Past President of the former Rotary Club of KATOWICE, POLAND, is secretary of the outpost.

ROTARY

A Message for 2041

By Chesley R. Perry
Secretary, Rotary International

As an epilogue to Rotary's 1941 Convention at Denver, Colorado, a group of Rotarians, led by President Tom J. Davis, assembled, August 15, on the summit of Mount Evans, 14,259 feet high. There in a stone crypt, beneath a bronze "finder" and Rotary plaque which had been dedicated last June by the then President, Armando de Arruda Pereira, of São Paulo, Brazil, they placed and sealed a metal box. In this "time capsule" were various Rotary records—including an Official Directory, copies of *THE ROTARIAN*, Rotary pamphlets, etc.—and messages to the world of a century (or centuries) hence from several well-known Rotarians. Among these latter documents is the following notable statement from Chesley R. Perry, Rotary's one and only Secretary.—Eds.

"The first Rotary Club was founded in Chicago, a city in the United States of America, in the year A.D. 1905 by a man* who desired fellowship *plus* an opportunity for mutual helpfulness on the part of a group of business and professional men. Membership was limited to one man from each line of business or profession—that is to say, from each distinct form of public service to the people of the city in which the Club was located.

"The experiment proved successful. The first Club increased in membership. News of its existence reached other cities and similar Clubs were formed. Before long, a national association of all such Clubs was formed.

"Then with the development of similar Clubs in Winnipeg, Canada, and London, England, the Association became international. It kept on growing and extending to other countries through the formation of Clubs in those countries. Annual Conventions of delegates of the Clubs were held. A statement of the Objects of the movement was prepared and modified or expanded from time to time. There came a realization that the movement really had but one object, and that was the acceptance by all men of a policy of being thoughtful and helpful to others. This the Rotarians (members of Rotary Clubs) termed the Ideal of Service.

"Tens of thousands of men, and then hundreds of thousands of men, accepted the Ideal of Service as a motivating force in their personal, business, and public lives. They gave expression to their adherence to this Ideal in their contributions to make successful the weekly Club meetings, by their contributions to the development and maintenance of higher standards in business



HIGH ATOP Mount Evans, Rotary's President, Tom J. Davis, seals a "time capsule" in a cairn.

and in the conduct of their business relations, by participation in activities for the welfare of the community—that is to say, the people of the city or town in which they conducted their business or had their residence—and by extending their efforts to be thoughtful and helpful to others—to peoples of other countries than their own.

"The existence of the movement, the dissemination of its literature, and the activities of the Rotarians exerted an influence outside the membership of the Rotary Club. Similar clubs were formed by other business and professional men. Activities similar to those of the Rotarians were developed in other types of organizations.

"About this time there existed in many countries a democratic-industrial-agricultural-capitalistic system for the conduct of human society. The object of the Rotary movement appeared to be in harmony with a rapidly developing general determination to increase the benefits to all men and lessen the injuries to some men arising from the existence of that system.

"However, due to a lack of patience with efforts to reform and improve the democratic-industrial-agricultural-capitalistic system, there developed in some countries an effort to establish a new system of human society with mankind segregated into one master race and with subordinate races and a large slave race. In countries where this system prevailed, Rotary Clubs ceased to exist, because their object was not in harmony with the object of the master-slave State.

"A great world war developed between the master-slave States and the democratic-industrial-agricultural-capitalistic States. As Rotary Clubs existed in only the latter States (with the exception of a few States that endeavored to be neutral), it soon became apparent that any idea of the Rotary movement

tolerating the master-slave State form of society was futile.

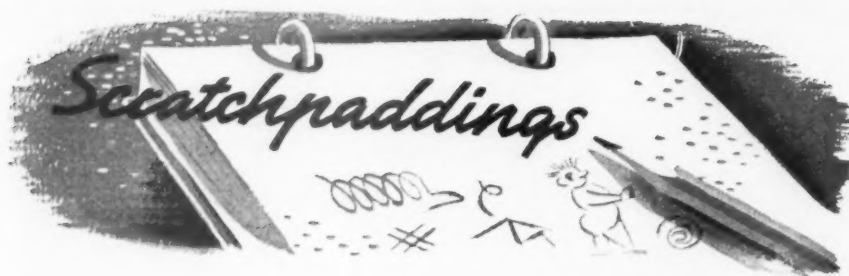
"Consequently, 'Rotary International,' as the world fellowship of Rotary Clubs and Rotarians was called, issued this statement:

"In these catastrophic times, the Board (of Rotary International) feels that it should reemphasize to Rotarians throughout the world that Rotary is based on the Ideal of Service, and where freedom, justice, truth, sanctity of the pledged word, and respect for human rights do not exist, Rotary cannot live nor its Ideal prevail. These principles, which are indispensable to Rotary, are vital to the maintenance of international peace and order and to human progress.

"The Board, therefore, condemns all attacks upon these principles and calls upon each Rotarian to exert his influence and exercise his strength to protect them and to hasten the day when war need no longer be used as an instrument for settling international disputes."

"(Here the narrator lost his courage and went no further. He had contemplated an attempt to envision what happened after the year A.D. 1941, when this narrative was written. To him it seemed apparent that if the master-slave States conquered the rest of the world, there would no longer be any Rotary Clubs anywhere. But, on the other hand, if the master-slave States were defeated by the democratic-industrial-agricultural-capitalistic States, Rotary Clubs would have a great opportunity to encourage the further extension of that system of society and contribute to its betterment and perfection on the basis of all members of the human race being thoughtful of and helpful to each other, and that this Ideal would so influence all nations in both their domestic and their foreign relations that wars would cease and peace and progress and prosperity become the common lot of all men.)"

* Paul P. Harris, born at Racine, Wisconsin, 1868.



HONORS. The Rotary Club of San Antonio, Tex., devoted one full meeting, including a special issue of its Club publication, *The Wheel of Fortune*, to MARY A. CARR, Executive Secretary of the Club for the past 20 years. Past and present officers of Rotary International, from Presidents to Governors, Clubs of the District, and members of the San Antonio Club paid tribute to "Our MARY." . . . And the Aberdeen, Miss., Rotary Club is proud of IRWIN MIMS, who has retired after 20 years' service as Club Secretary. He did not miss a Club meeting in that time. His picture will appear in THE ROTARIAN's forthcoming display of attendance record holders.



Mary A. Carr

Another Club to do Secretarial honor was the Rotary Club of Thomasville, N. C., which presented a medal to ROBERT C. RAPP, Secretary-Treasurer of the Club for 18 years, on his retirement from that office.

The degree of doctor of sacred theology has been conferred by Temple University on the REV. ORIE E. SUNDAY, a member of the Montoursville, Pa., Rotary Club. . . . And Samuel Houston College has presented the doctor of divinity degree to RICHARD SILVERTHORNE, a member of the Compton, Calif., Rotary Club.

PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR THOMAS C. LAW, of Atlanta, Ga., has been elected imperial potentate of the A.A.O.N.M.S.—usually called "the Shrine."

ROTARIAN ARTHUR F. NASS, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is now president of the Heating, Piping, and Air-Conditioning Contractors' National Association, and is its national councillor for the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

Music Crosses Border. When the Fort Fairfield, Me., Rotary Club held a joint ladies' night with the Lions Club at a country club located on the United States-Canadian border, Canadian labor laws prevented the use of the Maine orchestra which had been hired. The dancing floor was on the Canadian side. But the problem was solved—this way: The orchestra played in the parking lot on the United States side and the public-address system carried the music across the border into the ballroom!

Busy Man! Something of a Rotary travel record has been set by JULIO GERLEIN COMELIN, of Barranquilla, Colombia, member of the Board of Directors and

the Magazine Committee of Rotary International. Shortly after the Denver Convention, he and charming Mrs. GERLEIN made an 8,000-mile, coast-to-coast trip by automobile. In 60 days he talked to 30 Clubs and four District Assemblies, and conferred with three fellow Directors, ten District Governors, and ten Rotary Committee Chairmen. Frequently quoted in the press was his succinct summary of inter-American relations: "The United States' 'good neighbor' must be founded on a deep-rooted relationship, not an emergency relationship."

Rotary Home. When EMERITE E. BAKER, first President of the Rotary Club of Kewanee, Ill., and Past Governor of the old 19th District, built his home, he placed a Rotary wheel over each of the doorways—a symbol of how Rotary had entered his life.

Though ROTARIAN BAKER passed on in 1929, Kewanee still remembers him. He was—with the backing of Rotary—ac-



ROTARY wheels adorn the entrances to this home, as related in the adjoining story.

tive in the founding of the Chamber of Commerce, and its first president. He established the park system in Kewanee, financing it himself. After providing for his widow, he left the bulk of his estate for charitable and character-building agencies, through E. E. Baker, Inc., the trustees of which are all Rotarians. This corporation aids the crippled-children clinics and operates a scholarship loan plan for boys and girls.

A Repeater! Not content with making one hole-in-one (see THE ROTARIAN, July, 1941, page 60), H. EUGENE WHEELER, of the Philadelphia, Pa., Rotary Club, did it again in August—205 yards on the 14th hole at the Aronomink Country Club.

Easy Come, Easy Go. The check for the "extra limerick" published in the October ROTARIAN (page 63) didn't last long enough to burn a hole in the pocket of the REV. IVAN E. ROSSELL, a member of

the Rotary Club of Sheffield, Pa. He just endorsed it to the Rotary Relief Fund and sent it in.

For Men in Service. G. J. COLES, Past President of the Melbourne, Australia, Rotary Club, and Mrs. COLES have given £30,000 to the Alfred Hospital, Melbourne, to build a ward for maternity cases for wives of men serving in the defense forces of Australia. Work will begin as soon as contracts can be let.



G. J. Coles

A Sweetheart. The Magazine of *Sigma Chi*, we mean, whose editor, ROTARIAN CHESTER W. CLEVELAND, of Chicago, Ill., has recently produced the 60th-anniversary number—a 160-page edition that is a triumph of editing and a tribute to the fraternity. The magazine has been published continuously since 1881.

Result-Getter. After protesting, in vain, to the authorities, the Rt. REV. ALFRED A. GILMAN, Episcopal bishop of Hankow, China, and a member of the Hankow Rotary Club, told his Club about the nuisance of a pump "for flood control" placed crosswise of the main street, to the detriment of traffic—and the river's water level falling at that. Rotarians got busy—and the pump was moved within a week.

Rotary Authors. MACK SAUER, President of the Greenfield, Ohio, Rotary Club, has just published *The Editor Squeaks*. As his Rotary classification is newspaper editor, he knows whereof he squeaks! . . . *Jack & Jill Jingles* (J. B. Anderson, Oxford, Mich., 25 cents) has appeared from the pen—or typewriter—of ROTARIAN EDWARD J. ("NED") WARREN, of Romeo, Mich.

Several Canadian Rotary Clubs are helping the sale of the new book by S. RUPERT BROADFOOT, K. C., proceeds of which go to the Queen's Canadian Fund. The book, *Holidaying in Canada on the Ottawa River* (Pine Lodge, Bristol, Que., \$1.70), provides interesting preparation for those who will attend Rotary's 1942 Convention in Toronto.

DR. JUAN MARIN, Chilean Consul General and Charge d'Affaires at Shanghai, China, a member of the Rotary Club of

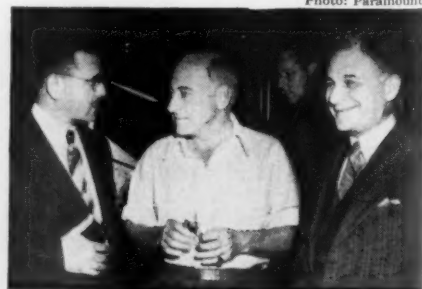


Photo: Paramount

ROTARY Director Percy Hodgson (left) gets some pointers from Movie Director Cecil B. De Mille, while (right) Rotary Governor Julio Zuloaga, of Colombia, watches movies made.

Shanghai and formerly of the Rotary Club of Punta Arenas, Chile, has recently published two books in English: *Orestes and I*, a play; and *Flames in the Darkness*.

Was His Face Red? After heading a drive in Windsor, Ont., Canada, for magazines and books for the Canadian Navy, ROTARIAN HARRY WILSON took some friends to the basement of his home to display some hobby work. There the friends spotted ten novels, put away against some future need—which ROTARIAN WILSON immediately added to his collection for the Navy.

Author to Navy. Back in 1939, ROTARIAN MARVIN C. PARK, Beverly Hills, Calif., theater man, had an article in THE ROTARIAN. It chanced to fall under the eye of a "Rotary Ann" at Rock Island, Ill., who called it to the attention of her Rotarian husband, COMMANDER FRANK C. HUNTOON, U.S.N. Correspondence ensued, for ROTARIANS PARK and HUNTOON had been World War shipmates who had lost all contact with each other. When Uncle Sam decided to open a huge training school at Navy Pier, Chicago, COMMANDER HUNTOON, now at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, thought of PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR PARK, again in active naval service—and, to telescope the tale, PAST GOVERNOR PARK is now at Navy Pier, engaged in recreation and welfare work, all because the wife of a Rotarian read and marked an article in THE ROTARIAN two years ago!



Park

Ends Squabbles. A plan offered by ROTARIAN V. R. SEN, of Jubbulpore, India, bids fair to iron out the complex difficulties of clashes between religious groups. He suggests "unity boards" to organize celebrations on holy days and to sponsor common education and intercommunal meetings of various sorts. The scheme, backed by Jubbulpore Rotarians, is being tried out, and the Governor of the Central Provinces, H. E. SIR HENRY TWYNAM, has expressed his hopes for and appreciation of the plan.

Service Notes. Rotarians with sons at Sheppard Field, Wichita Falls, Tex., are asked to get in touch with the Secretary of the Wichita Falls Rotary Club, as local members wish to make them welcome in their meetings and homes and extend to them the use of the community's facilities. . . . The Rotary Clubs of Mesa, Phoenix, Glendale, Tempe, and Chandler, Ariz., would like to hear about Rotarians, their sons, and friends at any of the air fields in the Salt River Valley: Luke, Thunderbird, and Higley Fields or Falcon Airport . . . and a like call comes from the Rotary Club of Mount Clemens, Mich., for those stationed at Selfridge Field.

ROTARIAN TOM HAYES, of St. Louis, Mo., isn't boasting, but he's mighty proud of his three sons—LIEUT. JOHN J. HAYES,

now stationed in Washington, D.C.; ENSIGN EDWARD F. HAYES, U.S.S. *Maryland*; and ENSIGN TOM HAYES, JR., U.S.S. *Tennessee*. He also has a brother in the Army, LT. COL. JOHN M. HAYES, and one in the Navy, LIEUT. COMMANDER EDWARD F. HAYES; and two nephews in the Army and two in the Navy.

Sounds 'Corny.' Pressed into service as the Rotary Club contestant in the milking contest at the Ottawa, Ill., Corn Festival, DR. ROY A. PALMER, President of the Ottawa Rotary Club, possibly recalled the tips in this department (page 58, July ROTARIAN) and came out winner by a squeeze.

News from Europe. Word from occupied France has just been received in Chicago that MAURICE DUPERRAY, Past President of Rotary International, and ANDRÉ GARDOT, CHARLES DAMAYE, and LOUIS RENARD, Past District Governors, were all well in the latter part of August and all sent greetings to their many friends.

From Warsaw, Poland, comes similar good news from JERZY LOTH, Past International Director, also dated late in August. He, too, sends greetings.

Same Names. Makes no difference to Salida, Colo., Rotarians if their Club's President or Vice-President is in the chair—it's still LAWRENCE A. They add BARRETT for the President and RALSTON for the Vice-President. Both men are proud of coming from Kansas counties adjacent to the one in which TOM J. DAVIS, Rotary's international President, was born—and to each other, as well.

Tom, Dick, and Harry. Under this caption, the Toledo (Ohio) *Blade* points out that TOM J. DAVIS, President of Ro-



PRIZE yearling sheep from yearling Club! Lloyd White, of Fort Stockton, Tex., Club, 115th District's baby, shows this winner.

tary International; RICHARD E. ("DICK") VERNOR, international Director; and HARRY N. HANSEN, Governor of the District which includes Toledo, form a team working together for Rotary.

Clever Clubs. Of course, all Rotary Clubs are clever! But occasionally some Club publication strikes an unusual note. For instance, the Weaverville, Calif., *Mountaineer* publishes each week a letter from an early settler in the town, written during the gold-rush days of the early '50s. And the Manchester, Vt., *Rotary Record* has a rhyming editor who bursts into limericks about damsels of the neighborhood, such as:

*There was a young lady from Dorset
Who struggled in vain with her corset.
She cursed so like sin
As she poured herself in
That no one will buy or endorse it.*

But our favorite is the Geelong, Australia, suggestion: "We wonder why no use of THE ROTARIAN has ever been made in our Club for weekly programs." Well—why not, everywhere?

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



INTERNATIONAL President Tom J. Davis and his ladies (left to right), Mrs. Tom Davis, Jr.; Mrs. Tom Davis, Sr.; and Misses Shirley and Peggy, enjoying Phoenix, Ariz., sunshine.



More Magnesium. Defense demand in the United States for light metals and alloys has brought out new processes for recovering magnesium from more or less common rocks. Previously the metal has been obtained from natural brines and sea water. Now magnesite is the ore used in a new plant on the Pacific coast employing a process originally developed in Austria. Dolomite, a rock similar to limestone, but containing a high percentage of magnesium, will be the source of the metal in a newly developed process to be operated in Louisiana. Several other plants protected will use similar ores. Although United States production of magnesium in 1935 was only 2,120 tons, plans under way call for an ultimate annual output of 50,000 tons.

New Mildew Proofing. Treatment of fabrics by immersion successively in solutions of cadmium chloride and morpholine (a complex organic chemical) is reported to give high resistance to mildew. Comparisons with more than 150 other treatments show the new method to be especially effective and permanent even to weathering and washing. A public service patent (U.S. Patent 2,247,339) on the process makes it available for use in the United States without payment of royalty.

Repelling Rats. Rats, like people, are peculiar. Recently attempts were made to drive them away from feedstuffs by perfuming the feed bags with the odors of the rat's natural enemies (skunks, weasels, ferrets, and minks) mixed with honey. Country rats behaved as expected and would not eat the protected food. Not so city rats living on garbage dumps. Apparently the natural odors of garbage had overcome the rat's sensitivity to even unpleasant smells.

Lubricant for Hot Bearings. Ordinary oils fail in bearings that must operate in ovens, kilns, and other hot places. Now a new lubricant has been developed especially for this use. It does not run out of the bearing even at high temperature, as an ordinary oil would, but sticks to its job and evaporates slowly but completely without leaving an undesirable residue.

Hardening Bores. Heat treating metals and case hardening their outer surfaces are important operations in making metal parts useful. Latest aid to metal workers is a method of heat treating and hardening a thin layer of metal on the inside of a hole through the

piece. The process depends on extremely rapid heating of the interior surface by electric induction, based on the principle of the alternating current transformer. Heating is so rapid that the bulk of the metal has no time to get hot and hence remains soft after quenching. The new technique is being used for many purposes, including the hardening of the inner surfaces of automobile hubs for bearings, and the hardening of the bearing surfaces inside Diesel engine cylinders. The process can be operated automatically as one step in the production line.

Better Five-Cent Cigars. Smokers are promised wider enjoyment of high-grade aromatic tobaccos by a method now being developed to improve on the usual aging process. The aroma extracted from one tobacco may be given to another easily, surely, and quickly without requiring the long periods of storage necessary for natural transfer. Furthermore, the alcoholic extract can often be made to flavor more tobacco than would the leaf or scrap from which it is derived.

Air Conditioning Hands. Workers who must handle hot objects are finding new comfort in a system of air conditioning applied to the gloves they wear. A hose leading cool air into each glove keeps hands cool.

Nonskid Highways. Road engineers in Oregon have found that freshly poured concrete pavement can be given an effective nonskid surface by brushing it transversely with steel-bristled brushes. The stiffness of the steel bristles is necessary since the grooves made by other bristles are not deep enough.

Cottonseed Hulls in Plastics. Hulls have long been a waste and a problem in the cottonseed-oil industry. Now tests have shown that ground cottonseed hulls can be used as a filler in plastics and that they even have advantages over other materials for this purpose.

Window Shades Save Coal. Window shades do much more than keep a home private from the eyes of neighbors. A recent careful investigation has shown that as much as 40 percent of the loss of heat through a window can be saved by drawing a single cloth shade over it. Since nearly a third of the heat from the furnace in an average home goes out the windows, shades can save a lot of coal, oil, or gas in Winter. In Summer shades drawn over windows ex-

posed to the sun help keep the house cool. In other words, scientists have now learned what our grandmothers knew all along.

Plastic Dressmaking. The old days when the village dressmaker spent weeks outfitting the distaff side of the family may never come again, but it would be an easier job now, thanks to plastics. A jacket made of a plastic which softens just above body temperature is fitted exactly to the lady's form and stripped off when cool and hard. On this as a mold, any type of garment can be fitted with the utmost exactness.

Burn Healer. A new, highly successful treatment for burns consists of a solution of sulfadiazine, newest sulfa drug, in triethanolamine. According to a report from the Johns Hopkins Medical School, the new treatment is said to minimize or avoid the formation of disfiguring scar tissue in cases of severe burns.

Fortified Peanut Butter. Always considered a good food, peanut butter is being improved for the United States Army by including in it a substantial amount of pasteurized brewer's yeast. The yeast (one part) adds B vitamins to the nutrition of the peanut butter (four parts.) Tests of the new food with undernourished children have shown it to be especially valuable in building up

Photo: American Optical Co.



STAMP hobbyists, attention! The lenses of the binocular loupe shown here magnify objects and relax straining eye muscles.

starved young bodies. Even healthy soldiers are expected to benefit from it.

Plastic Automobiles. Plastic sheets made largely from farm products (soybeans and cotton particularly) seem likely to appear on American roads sooner than anticipated, perhaps this Winter. Resistance of the plastic panels to denting is high as compared with that of steel sheets, and improved methods of fabricating which reduce the quantity of relatively expensive resin required have brought the cost of plastic down to a point which looks promising.

Billy Phelps Speaking

[Continued from page 20]

any newspaper in metropolitan areas, has always preferred to remain in his own home town in Kansas and to conduct his own newspaper. He has actually made "the rustic cackle of his bourg the murmur of the world."

No man in America is more admired and beloved than William Allen White, and the variety of his interests is matched by his efficiency in all his undertakings. Mr. Clough, who has worked for 20 years on the *Gazette* and in the closest intimacy with his chief, has written this biography one might almost say *secretly*; and I am sure that no one has read it with more curiosity than Mr. White himself. In a very brief preface he says, "I have not read this book. I don't know what is in it. Not a line has been submitted to me or to anyone connected with me or mine. So that when I open this book, it will all be new to me." It is not necessary for me to rehearse the activities of Mr. White: his international services, his journeys abroad, his work as chairman of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies; but in these activities his heart has always been in his own home and in his home town. Some of his editorials have become classics, and some of his novels and serious historical works will remain as parts of American literature. But over all his professional duties and accomplishments is the sunlight of his own personality, full of cheerfulness, commonsense, and the best kind of patriotism. This book should be read by hundreds of thousands. I found that every page of it is interesting.

Almost at the same moment appeared a partial autobiography of another famous living American writer. This is called *Native American—The Book of*

My Youth, by Ray Stannard Baker (David Grayson), an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Amherst, Massachusetts. People who were brought up on the American frontier are becoming increasingly rare. Thus this volume is highly interesting not only because of its well-known author, but also because it is an important contribution to American history. The first sentence is, "My mother with her three little boys, one a baby in arms, followed my father from Michigan to the wilderness of northern Wisconsin in the Spring of 1875." The author of the book was 5 years old. He shows the greatest sympathy and understanding in the account of his mother, who suffered terribly in the rough life of the frontier because she longed for more civilized places and more civilized society. But his father is a dominating figure from beginning to end. His father was a born frontiersman, a powerful 100 percent masculine figure, just the man to bring up boys and inspire them with courage, self-sacrifice, and the love of adventure.

This is an extremely interesting story of a famous American's development from boyhood to manhood and from obscurity to fame; and as Mr. Baker, who now lives in New England, looks back on his adventurous boyhood in wild and savage surroundings, so the reader will follow his course from childhood to youth and from youth to manhood and see once more how absolutely necessary self-sacrifice and courage are to the making of a good citizen.

Somerset Maugham's *Strictly Personal* has a disarming first sentence: "I have a notion that it is well to tell the reader at the beginning of a narrative what he is in for, and so I shall



FELLOW Emporia Rotarians: William Allen White (left) and his biographer, Frank C. Clough.

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start by telling you that this is not an account of great events, but of the small things that happened to me during the first 15 months of the war." Do not be put off or deceived; every page of this book is interesting, because it is written by a master hand, and because the events themselves command attention. The book begins with an account of how he was spending the Summer of 1939 in his house in the South of France. The beautiful library which he had to leave, photographed with the author, is shown on the book jacket. He has a contrivance for reading vertically that I had never seen. He had 13 servants in this house and garden, and was fully justified.

Mr. Maugham has that subdued humor, the humor of understatement, so characteristic of Englishmen. The first chapter ends with a suavely satirical account of how he was visited by half a dozen French military officers in uniform. And when I next see Mr. Maugham, which should happen within a few weeks, I am going to ask him whether the climax of this chapter is meant to show that the officers distrusted him or that they were crooks. For the moment I leave it to the reader.

His household calm was broken by the war, and his adventures on sea and land follow with increasing tempo. I had read his book in which he praised French loyalty, courage, and prepared-

ness during those months between September, 1939, and April, 1940; that book was written to explain the French to the English. Since then it became necessary to explain the French to the world; and he does it with frankness and honesty. The shadow of this terrible tragedy is here occasionally lightened by diverting incidents; the story of the young woman he met in Munich is a little masterpiece.

During that frightful journey by sea from the Riviera to England on the collier, when it seems miraculous that anyone arrived, Mr. Maugham tells us how he passed the time reading, telling stories, etc. He took three books along—the trial and death of Socrates (which always seems to me as if I had never read it before, though I have read it 20 times at least), Thackeray's *Esmond* (which I think is his best book), and Charlotte Bronte's *Villette*, of which I have only a vague recollection. It is always interesting to me to learn what books a professional novelist enjoys. If anyone doubted Mr. Maugham's consummate art as a writer, his doubts would vanish with the chapters dealing with that terrible voyage; it is not the daily horrors, but the portraits he makes of the voyagers, the so-called trivial incidents, which show such skill.

And among these lesser things are those he observed in London:

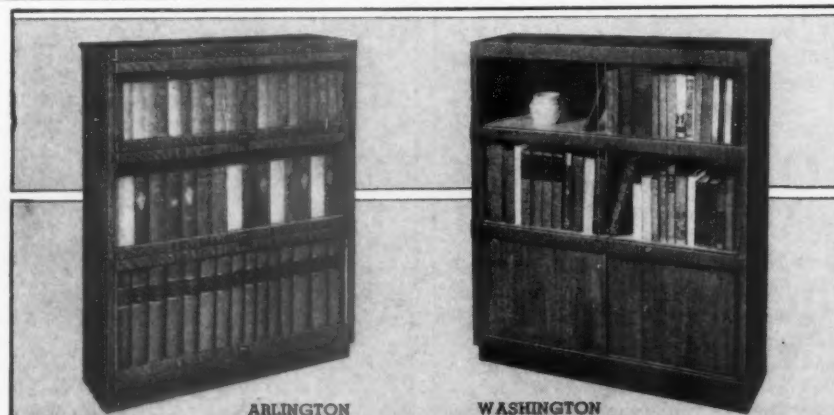
"People took the loss of their possessions with singular equanimity. One morning a woman who had been bombed out of her apartment came in to the Dorchester. She had lost her furniture and all her clothes but those she stood up in. She was in great spirits and took the incident with gayety. But when she sat down to breakfast and, asking for cream for her coffee, was told there was none, she flew into a passion. That was the last straw.

"I've been bombed out of my bloody flat," she cried, 'and lost every damned thing I had in the world, and now there's no cream. If the country isn't going to hell, where the hell is it going?"

The republication of Mr. Maugham's *Ashenden or: The British Agent* (first published in 1928) follows hard upon *Strictly Personal*, for *Ashenden*, "rearranged for the purposes of fiction," gives some of Mr. Maugham's experiences during the War of 1914-18 in the Intelligence or Secret Service Department. He says this narrative is not entirely out of date, for it is required reading for those who enter the Department; and "early in this war Dr. Goebbels, speaking over the air, taking one of them as a literal statement of recent facts, gave it as an example of British cynicism and brutality." The main object of these stories is entertainment; and I agree with Mr. Maugham in his view that it ought to be.

* * *

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of readers, by giving them complete standard novels and also contemporary works at a microscopic price. One hundred and twenty volumes have already appeared; I remind Rotarians of the fact.* The latest is *The Pocket Book of Mystery Stories*, containing complete stories by Thomas Beer, H. G. Wells, Edgar Wallace, Wilbur Daniel Steele, etc. The volume is edited by Lee Wright and there is an introduction by him who is now (and still) speaking.

The reliable Patricia Wentworth (pen name) has come through with another murder; a particularly damnable one because of the murderer. This book, *In the Balance*, is a little slow in starting owing to excess baggage in words, but it is climactic and becomes very exciting indeed in the latter half. Miss Maude Silver appears again, the least like a detective in face and form of all the professional sleuths I know. But if she asked me to do anything, I should lose no time in doing it. Those who do not take her advice are usually soon incapable of taking anything.

Speaking of movie stars, I saw a lovely pair climbing the eastern sky together on the night of September 8. The moon (a trifle past the full) and Red Mars were side by side. As Mars is now almost as close to the earth as he can be, the big moon could not efface his brilliance. It was a splendid spectacle; Saranac Lake was gloriously illuminated, Whiteface stood in triangular grandeur, and the dark green forests were all about us. As Browning says:

*The herded pines commune and
have deep thoughts,*

A secret they assemble to discuss.

Then we went indoors and had very good conversation with one of the greatest of living stars, the Shakespeare actor Maurice Evans. This Autumn he will play *Macbeth* for the first time in his life; don't miss it.



Evans

It was a happy idea of the publishers, who had already printed in one volume the whole series of Pulitzer Prize plays, to produce this year also in one volume the Pulitzer Prize poems. The highest honor writers can receive in the U.S.A. is the Pulitzer Prize. This new book is called *An Anthology of Pulitzer Prize Poems 1922-1941* and is admirably compiled by Marjorie Barrows. The selections are made from the poems that received the prize, and the successful authors alphabetically are Aiken, Bacon, S. V. Benét, Coffin, Dillon, Fletcher, Frost, Hillyer, Amy Lowell, MacLeish, Millay, E. A. Robinson, Speyer, M. Van Doren, Wurdemann, Zaturenska. The table of poets

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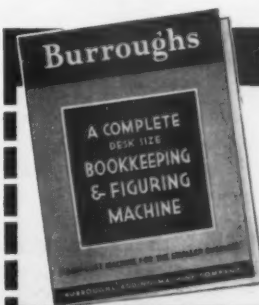
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is also given chronologically and the notes at the end are very interesting. (Remember that Pulitzer is pronounced "Pull-itzer" and not "Pu-litzer.")

* * *

Barrington Town-Warming (Vol. III, 1941) contains addresses delivered at the "town-warming" meetings held at Barrington, Illinois. The first paragraph of the preface gives a clear account of the meetings of which this volume is a record:

"The Barrington Town-Warming plan was conceived by two businessmen of Barrington, Illinois, a town of 3,500 inhabitants, located northwest of Chicago. These men believed that their community—and every community in America—had real need for the spirit of early American town meetings and religious revivals. The result of their efforts was that from January 22 to February 4, 1939, the Barrington community gathered nightly in its high-school auditorium to see and to hear outstanding leaders of thought from all over America."

This seems to me an admirable method of preserving individual and community liberty, freedom of thought and speech, education in fundamental things, public spirit, social union, and all the things that are best in American thought and life. In this volume among the speakers are David Seabury, Raymond Moley, Father Flanagan, Rabbi Shulman, Major Eliot, Will Durant, Martin Dies, etc. The book is beautifully printed. I wish more towns could or would follow the admirable example set by Barrington, Illinois; the appreciative words about the town-warming written by Channing Pollock* are included in the introductory pages.

* * *

As many Rotarians are professionally connected with education, as more are parents, and as still more have been to school, I recommend two new books on education, which are valuable, important, and interesting. The first is *Practical School Discipline and Mental Hygiene*, and is by Norma E. Cutts, supervisor of the department of exceptional children, New Haven, Connecticut, public schools, and Nicholas Moseley, formerly superintendent of schools in Meriden, Connecticut.

I think the word "discipline" will attract many readers, because there is comparatively so little of it in the old meaning of the word; and many parents and teachers really don't know exactly what to do about it. They don't like to see pupils who are indifferent both to study and to discipline; they don't like to see their own children ignorant as cats as to what time o' night it may be; but they don't know any way to change the situation any more than I know how to establish world peace. Discipline by bodily punishment I am not

* See his article *Open the Pores of Your Heart*, this issue, page 14.

recommending, though I am glad I received it; but that was in the Bright Ages before the World Wars. In the 18th Century Dr. Johnson said that whenever he or any one of his schoolmates did not know their Latin lesson, the teacher beat them; "so we learned it." In the 19th Century in the U.S.A., it used to be said, "When a boy in Germany gets a licking at school, he gets another when he reaches home, but when a boy in America gets a licking at school, his father goes to school the next day and licks the teacher."

Well, in this book on practical teaching and discipline we have suggestions from two experienced leaders in grammar- and high-school education. It is an extremely important work because it is on the "case" system; instead of giving philosophical generalities, it cites a great many cases of individual pupils who are a (*profanity please*, italics my own) nuisance to every teacher who has the misfortune to know them. I think nearly every problem the average teacher faces is here given, with various suggested remedies. My own suggestion for study and discipline is, "Interest the students." Easier said than done. I wish every teacher and all parents of young children would give this book careful consideration.

The other book applies more to college courses. Yet even there the same problem faces faculties: what shall we do to increase the desire of *students to study*? The title of this volume is *An Adventure in Education*; the secondary title, *Swarthmore College under Frank Aydelotte*; and the authors are the Swarthmore College faculty. Dr. Aydelotte has performed and is performing great services to education in America, first, by being the head of the committee on Rhodes Scholarships at Oxford; second, by 19 years at Swarthmore; third, by being director of the Institute for Advanced Study. Unlike some college faculties that wish to murder their president (it was neatly done in Michael Innes's *Seven Suspects*), the Swarthmore College faculty have paid their departing president a magnificent compliment, for they, "feeling that educational history had been made during his leadership, resolved to write a book setting forth the details of practice and theory which characterize the college." Special honors in studies, the small seminar instead of the large classroom, athletics, "external" examinations, expenses, etc., are some of the things discussed and their solutions.

* * *

Two American cities have received this year able biographers. Although I am a New Englander, I admire im-

mensely every part of the United States for reasons that naturally vary; and in the Southern States it seems to me there are four cities of especial charm owing to their life history and the evidences of it. These four are Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, and San Antonio. And let me add there are two towns in Georgia, Augusta and Louisville, each for a time the State capital, that I love with all my heart because I can't help it.

Well, *Charleston* is the title of a beautiful quarto volume of 374 pages, with the second title *An Epic of Carolina*, written by Robert Goodwyn Rhett, born in 1862 and died in 1939. His book is just what it ought to be, and how I wish he were alive to see it! He would look upon his work and be satisfied. It tells the story of Charleston from its beginning even until now. New Haven is associated with Charleston in the name of the greatest statesman identified with both. John C. Calhoun was graduated at the head of his class at Yale in the year 1804; today Calhoun College at Yale is named after him. His grandson, living in Charleston, John Calhoun Simonds, is a classmate of mine at Yale (1887); my first Christmas dinner in the South was at General George Lamb Buist's home in 1905.

Now, this sumptuous volume is as interesting as it is beautiful. Mr. Rhett's sound scholarship is presented to the reader in a literary form that holds one's steady attention. There are 13 illustrations, including Colonel William Rhett, "who captured Steve Bonnet and 18 other pirates"; also portraits of General Pinckney, Thomas Pinckney, Calhoun, Robert Payne, Robert Barnwell Rhett, General Washington, and the famous painter Washington Allston. The middle name "Barnwell" brings me pleasant recollections, for in the town of Barnwell, South Carolina, as a guest of my friend George Herbert Walker, I have had many a good time shooting quail. This book *Charleston* will make a fine Christmas present.

The other city biography, *Baltimore on the Chesapeake*, is by Hamilton Owens, editor of that admirable newspaper the *Baltimore Sun*. Newspapermen know how to make their books interesting; they understand news values and have an intuitive knowledge of what to leave out. This is a lively and enlivening narrative from the earliest days even until 1941; many readers who glance at the table of contents and illustrations will turn immediately to page 198, "The Bombs Bursting in Air," and observe the quaint picture of that scene, immortalized by Key—a "conception of the British attack on Fort McHenry on September 13 and 14, 1814."

I wish I had space to quote pages 200 and 201, which describe exactly how Key wrote *The Star-Spangled Banner* (first draft on the back of a letter he



Aydelotte

had in his pocket), how quickly it got its title and was printed. Judge Nicholson, who had spent the night in the fort, "made the happy discovery that Key's verses could be sung to the tune of *Anacreon in Heaven*, a highfalutin drinking song recently brought over from London and much in vogue among the gay fellows of the town." This poem and tune must always be our national anthem; it is splendid poetry and beautiful music. I will make two comments on it; in the last stanza "for our cause it is just," "for" is correct and not "when." I heard the great prima donna Geraldine Farrar gloriously sing the song in public when she sang "gods" instead of "God," thus for one moment committing us all to polytheism.

* * *

I must recommend a new book by one of the best authors in America, who contributed *Lawyers of the Americas, Wake Up!* in the August *ROTARIAN*, John H. Wigmore, dean emeritus of the Northwestern University School of Law, scholar and linguist, and one of the Star members of my Fano Club. The name of the book is *A Kaleidoscope of Justice*, 750 pages, containing the history of court trials going back many centuries.

There are 142 trial scenes, many of them recorded by eyewitnesses. Dean Wigmore wears his great learning with ease and grace. He says his book is not offered as a piece of scientific research, but mainly as informational entertainment. I know he could not be dull if he tried. Run, not walk, to the nearest bookshop.

* * *

Here is palatable and valuable advice for young people: *You and the Ten Commandments*, by William J. Cameron, speaker on the Ford radio hour, which was given originally to children in the beautiful chapel built by Mr. Ford at Dearborn. I think children will find entertainment and wisdom and an increased knowledge of the *Bible* in these pages, where Mr. Cameron uses the method of discussion, illustrations, question and answer.

* * *

Books mentioned, publishers and prices:
Appleby in Ararat. Michael Innes. Dodd, Mead. \$2.—*The Chuckling Fingers*. Mabel Seeley. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.—*Strictly Personal*. W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.—*Ashenden or: The British Agent*. W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.—*The Pocket Book of Mystery Stories*. Edited by Lee Wright. Pocket Books. 25c.—*In the Balance*. Patricia Wentworth. Lippincott. \$2.—*Pulitzer Prize Poems*. Edited by Marjorie Barrows. Random House. \$2.50.—*Barrington Town-Warmering*. C. N. Watkins (Barrington, Ill.). \$1.—*Practical School Discipline and Mental Hygiene*. Norma E. Cutts and Nicholas Moseley. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.90.—*An Adventure in Education*. Swarthmore College Faculty. Macmillan. \$2.50.—*Charleston*. R. G. Rhett. Garrett & Massie (Richmond, Va.). \$5.—*Baltimore on the Chesapeake*. Hamilton Owens. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.50.—*A Kaleidoscope of Justice*. John H. Wigmore. Washington Law Book Co. \$5.—*William Allen White of Emporia*. Frank C. Clough. Whittlesey House. \$2.50.—*Native American*. Ray Stannard Baker. Scribner's. \$3.—*You and the Ten Commandments*. William J. Cameron. Bobbs Merrill. \$1.50.

An ABC of Inflation

What Can You and I Do about It?—Harland Allen

[Continued from page 19]

doctor is called to a sick room or when a mechanic takes over an automobile, is to look around to discover what is out of order this time.

Supplementing Dr. Palyi's analysis, it needs to be kept in mind that the commonest causes of price inflation are:

1. Excessive confidence in the business situation—resulting in excessive borrowing for speculative gain, and thus in expansion of the commercial-

credit structure out of proportion to current volume of trade and production. Almost any observer recognizes this as describing what happened in the late 1920s—culminating in the smash of 1929.

2. An excessive expansion in the quantity of money and/or other Government obligations. This is a peculiarly difficult type of trouble to be sure about, because the mere quantity of money is

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not usually the determining factor—affecting prices. So-called “monetary inflation” seldom if ever gets going until the public suspects, or realizes, that the Government is substituting the printing press for ordinary sources of revenue.

Here again we have illustrations from recent experience. One such is the case of an aggressor nation like Germany going into a conquered territory—where the *gauleiter* deliberately decides to tax or bleed the people that way. Of course, prices jump in terms of a currency whose quantity is subject only to the whim of a conqueror. Another case is that of the earlier Germany. Here confidence deserted the currency when it was discovered that the central Government had lost control of its budget—had no formula, courage, or prospect for raising its revenue enough to meet its outgo — without the printing press. Thus, monetary inflation can start with either deliberate fraud on the people or politico-economic deterioration.

CLEARLY, in the United States at the present time there is neither the super-confidence such as created an inflation bubble in the late 1920s, nor the fear of imminent breakdown in Government credit. If the latter, it could be quickly dispelled by two sets of facts: first, that the national income is growing much faster than the national debt—probably twice as fast; second, that much smaller nations than the United States—for instance, Britain—are carrying debt loads as large, hence several times as big in proportion.

3. The third well-known cause of inflationary prices is one in which the supply of goods and services for individual consumption (a) is restricted while buying power is sustained, or (b) fails to expand as fast as buying power. This is the typical war situation.

At the time of the first World War this set of forces provided a real price inflation—multiplying the average price level before the war by two and one-half, and multiplying the prices of numerous strategic or critical commodities several times. Will it do so again? That is the big current question. And what can the individual do about it?

Mr. Rukeyser has listed eight different methods that are being proposed or already used to limit it. I would add two more: the release by Government agencies of present large surpluses of such supplies of wheat, corn, and cotton; and the lowering of import duties—particularly on materials needed for war, such as zinc, lead, copper, petroleum, and sundry fibers.

But granted that we cannot tell how rigidly these controls will be applied, what is the prospect otherwise? How much necessity for drastic controls? How much must the individual be concerned, to protect himself?

Despite the fact that speculative raw-material prices in the United States have risen very sharply since the beginning of the present war—up about 40 percent—I believe that the inflationary scare has been overdone, as in 1936-37. If that be true, it certainly has an important bearing on what the individual should do to protect himself.

I see three major evidences that price advances in the United States are not headed for the stellar regions attained in the last war. Foremost of these is that the great bulk of new buying power must originate in the United States this time, while in the former war the Empires of France and Britain, not to mention numerous other allies, were able to bid for goods in this market and pay on the dotted line—for years. Next most important is that enormous surpluses have accumulated in many parts of the world, ahead of this war. As Secretary Morgenthau pointed out recently, the cost of living has jumped inordinately while storage supplies of butter, meats, and a long list of other essentials are unusually large. The wheat carryover, for instance, is presumed to be the largest in history. The smoke has barely died down from Brazil's burning of excess coffee supplies when now the price has doubled. Yet the great bulk of coffee drinkers in the Eastern Hemisphere has not the where-with-all to buy present supplies, nor the prospect of getting it before the end of the war.

The third type of evidence that present “inflation” is highly artificial can be observed from two different directions. On one side it is abnormal inventory accumulation. As measured by the Department of Commerce just before mid-year 1941, the inventories of industry had risen out of all proportion to the increase in volume of business—total national production.* Some of this was undoubtedly necessary, and “good business.” Some inventory increases even beyond the rate of increased production were necessary in the case of imported materials, which might not be available later. But much of the expansion in raw-material holdings and in slightly processed goods must be rated as primarily speculative—against the possibility that this war will lift prices as the former war did. Yet not only were total raw-material surpluses at the beginning of this war vastly greater than in the former period, but this time vastly greater outlays have been made for new plant to increase the supply.

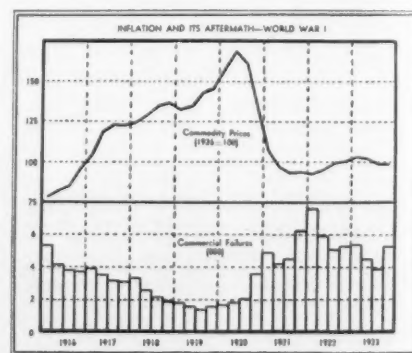
Let us look now at the other side of the evidence of artificial demand in the early phases of this war. It is the phenomenal expansion of bank loans, plus the knowledge that these have been in larger than usual proportion for the carrying of material inventories. This is obvious because finished products are

carried for shorter than usual periods in these days of “urgent” deliveries.

In the latest 12 months reporting banks in 101 American cities have shown an expansion in loans of over 2¼ billion dollars. Since these represent but 40 percent of total bank resources, it seems reasonable to presume that total bank loans have expanded in this period almost if not quite 4 billion dollars. This sum is more than half as large as the total Government outlay for defense in the last fiscal year. It is hardly believable that such bank-loan expansion as a price-lifting factor for commodities will continue at such a pace, or will be permitted to continue.

THE fourth major reason for believing that commodity prices will become more cautious presently is that declining costs of production throughout the world constitute a major long-run influence for price decline. For the first time in the history of the world, machine production has become broadly distributed. Efficient, power-driven equipment has been put in the hands of tens of millions throughout the world, instead of monopolized by the higher-priced artisans of Germany, Britain, and our own New England. That is the meaning of large-scale exports of machinery from the latter areas during the whole period since the last war. It must be presumed by practical men, therefore, that the price plateau beyond this war will be lower than that which followed the preceding war. And this means that speculative holders of commodities will before long begin to suspect that the deflation jolt may be proportionately more severe—the landing place lower down.

Here let me call your attention to the following chart, comparing the trend of business failures in the last war cycle with the upswing and the



downswing of prices. Practical businessmen should note particularly that business failures—hence presumably business risks—are conspicuously lower in the price-inflating period, but conspicuously higher in the price-deflating period. Why, then, so much talk about hedging against inflation? Why not more talk and more plans for protection against deflation?

* See *Survey of Current Business*, August, 1941, pages 8-9.

Of course, the answer of procrastination is that "this inflation may last a long time." But again, practical men will realize that this war's price inflation is as vulnerable as Hitler! Yes, it is probably more vulnerable than Hitler, because monopoly prices in particular would deflate hard on Hitler's victory, and war-sustained prices in general would deflate on a Hitler defeat.

I have talked with financial men who have insisted—too hopefully, it seemed—that canny political leaders would not permit the price levels of this war to be deflated drastically as they were 20 years ago. These men argue that the dollar and other currencies will be devalued further in terms of gold, if necessary. But realism cautions me to observe that gold is already greatly overpriced. Proof is that the present price of gold has stimulated production of that metal to twice the quantity recovered in pre-depression years—when there was much wider monetary use of gold than now. To raise this price still further would almost certainly aggravate present overproduction. It would be safer not to bank on such uncertain support for inflated prices.

WE COME now to the personally practical question, "What to do about inflation?" My conclusions are that since there is a good deal of artificiality to the present inflation scare—unreal shortages of many raw materials, particularly the food lines, together with substantial amounts of "precocious" demand for inventories, the result of speculative borrowing—the remedies or controls such as outlined by Mr. Ruker are likely to be more effective than now presumed, especially when we really get at the job of applying them. And the incentive to apply these controls will doubtless be stimulated by our increasingly direct competition with the "planned economies"—the partly socialized States.

It ought to be obvious, moreover, from the very nature of inflation, and its problems, that the individual can hope to be more effective working along civic lines, for collective action and controls, than he can as a lone wolf. And I should like to record the belief that that is a most practical course for businessmen in these times. The better the controls over inflating prices, the smaller the business hazards when deflation comes.

But there are also individual hedges that can be taken, and should be taken, in view of the admitted present magnitude of price risks. Certainly, business management should streamline its operations to be as efficient as possible in a period when price trends may be sharp and price jolts may be serious and disorganizing. Yet bulging inventories are not streamlined, and they may become as troublesome as a heavy trailer on a



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difficult road. Let us refer again to the chart and note that the greater number of business disasters are in the deflation sector of a price cycle, and thus that a great many more enterprises have been punished by oversize inventories than the reverse. It is not the rise that hurts so much as the coming down.

Similarly, the investor who has listened unduly to tradition in this field, and overloaded himself with "inventory stocks"—the shares of companies which have a large proportion of assets in that class—must realize that it is just as important to get out of such a commitment successfully as to get in.

In all probability, the best formula for the average investor to hedge against uncertain price trends is to put primary emphasis on the purchase of securities of vigorous and growing enterprises—the kind most likely to be favored by growth trends in a transition period.

Too few people seem to realize that growth vigor is just as essential when marshalling the securities for defense of one's estate as is youthful vigor when marshalling the armies for the defense of a nation. Many a man (or woman) who would not think of buying a business outright without convincing evidence that its opportunities were expanding, will nevertheless go into the security markets and buy small fractions (shares of stock) of companies with a past more notable than a future.

But what of the despairing argument that "With interest rates low, making bond prices vulnerable, and taxes high, stripping stocks of their earning power, the poor investor does not have any opportunity this time to hedge against inflation"? My answer is that as long as general risks are large, the "risk-free," high-grade bond should command a healthy price. And there isn't any evidence yet that general interest rates have turned the corner. In fact, the average cost of capital to the Federal Government recently set a new low.

As for the fact that extraordinary taxes have prevented the prices of good stocks from rising, we are equally warranted to observe that these equities are therefore uninflated. As such, their inflating period may be just ahead (British stocks have experienced a relatively prolonged rise against 100 percent excess profits tax). And even if stock-price inflation does not arrive, that very fact should make these issues a better hedge against the commodity-price deflation to follow.

Many are asking in these days about the wisdom of buying real estate, especially a home, as a hedge against the uncertain future. And, as in the case of security ownership, the right answer can best be found by looking to the future—(a) one's own future, and (b) the prospective usefulness or demand for this particular piece of property.

First, as to the property. Is it priced right, now—or already inflated? Does it lie in the path of development? Or, if its principal value is for agriculture, what of the post-war demand for present crops? Has recent demand been artificially sustained? Will it suffer from competition with the incoming tide of synthetic products? Few investors in real estate have been giving sufficient attention to such questions in "normal" years. It is much more important to weigh them well when facing and trying to hedge against a period of change, for those are the circumstances in which the milder trends of normal times are often telescoped to quicker conclusion.

The wisdom of buying or building a home in such a period is just an intensification of the same question in normal times—plus the greater possibility that you may not get the urge or opportunity to act until costs have risen out of line with other investment possibilities.

Talking It Over

[Continued from page 4]

made it a point to introduce me to the member of the same classification, who then took charge of me.

At a third Club I introduced myself to the members on my right and left, but they made no move to acquaint me with the others at the table, nor did the others make themselves known. The only time my companions spoke to me was when they asked me to pass the cream and sugar. In contrast, at a certain Club there were three of us who were visitors at the same table and who had arrived early. A member spotted us and filled the table with members.

The practice of introducing visitors seems to be well handled as a rule. Yet at times the chairman does not quiet the crowd sufficiently so that all can hear or be heard. This is unfortunate, because one Rotary thrill is to meet an old friend whom you have not seen for years and might have missed had he not known you were there.

This one-year-old "baby" has gained much from his membership. He hopes he has given as much. At least he now asks himself: "What am I doing to make visitors welcome in my Club?"

When Rotarians Meet

By Lt. P. B. WILLIAMSON
Company B, 56th Q.M. Regt.
El Dorado, Arkansas

As a member of the Rotary Club of Warsaw, Indiana, my classification was criminal law. Due to the emergency, my classification should be soldier; hence I no longer receive my ROTARIAN.

I am enclosing herewith my personal check in the amount of \$2.75 in payment of a year's subscription to THE ROTARIAN and also to the Spanish edition, REVISTA ROTARIA.

It is a great experience to meet a Rotarian out in the swamps while we

Most satisfactory key to the problem is the question which is practical at all times: will home ownership increase or simplify your other economic problems?

Getting back now to our opening diagnosis, that inflation is the outward sign of disease, let us bear in mind that few if any people make a profit out of disease. Thus, few if any investments are ever really benefited by inflation. Therefore, best of all counsel for an ordeal of this kind is to keep fit, act as normally as possible; don't gamble any more than necessary in an atmosphere in which your view of all the factors in the situation must be less clear than in more normal times.

Most of all we ought to keep in mind that inflation is a collective problem, and, therefore, the average man's or woman's best contribution to his or her own welfare in such a time is the contribution of constructive, level-headed, patriotic citizenship.

are on the Louisiana maneuvers, and it is also a great pleasure to visit Rotary Clubs in the various States. It will be a still greater pleasure to return to my own Rotary Club.

Poetic Inspiration

Relayed by Mrs. JACK WILLIAMS
Executive Secretary, Rotary Club
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

Here is a poem which was inspired by Peace Will Come, by Tom J. Davis, President of Rotary International, in the July ROTARIAN. The poem was written by Harry Hutchcroft, a member of the Rotary Club of Calgary.

ROTARY, WILL YOU BE READY?

When we reach the end of this bitter fray,
Will you be prepared to lead the way
And guide mankind to a brighter day?
Rotary, will you be ready?
When the chimes ring out, and the sirens
blow,
To mark the fall of a ruthless foe,
Will you be sure of the way to go,
On the day when peace shall come?

When the great day dawns, will your course
be planned
So that you will be able to lend a hand
In making your country a finer land?
Rotary, will you be ready?
Are you giving a thought to the job you'll
fill,
When the swords are sheathed and the guns
are still;
When there's peace on earth; among men
goodwill?
For that day must surely come.

'T is true that we scoffed at the thought of
war.
"Disarm," we cried, "we will fight no more."
But we paid for our folly as ne'er before.
This time—let us all be ready.
We know not the moment the fight will
cease,
The day that from carnage, we'll find re-
lease,
But we know that each hour brings us
nearer peace
That peace that will surely come.

Will you face the problem right now—to-
day?
Will you tackle the task in the Rot'ry way,
So that when peace comes, it will come to
stay?
Rotary, will you be ready?
There's a big job waiting for Rotary,
That job is to build for humanity,
A four-square deal with security,
In that peace that will surely come.

Rotary, will you be ready?



"PEOPLE who live in glass houses," runs an old maxim, "have to go to bed in the dark." ROTARIAN J. W. HOPE, of Hillsville, Virginia, knows by experience that such people have very little privacy, for he has built a glass house, and thousands of visitors flock to visit it. Here's what he tells THE GROOM about his house.

MORE than 10,000 bottles, ranging from 12-ounce to one-gallon capacity, were used in building this play house for ROTARIAN HOPE's daughter. It is a large place, 16 by 24 feet inside, and serves as a fine meeting place for Miss HOPE and her high-school friends.

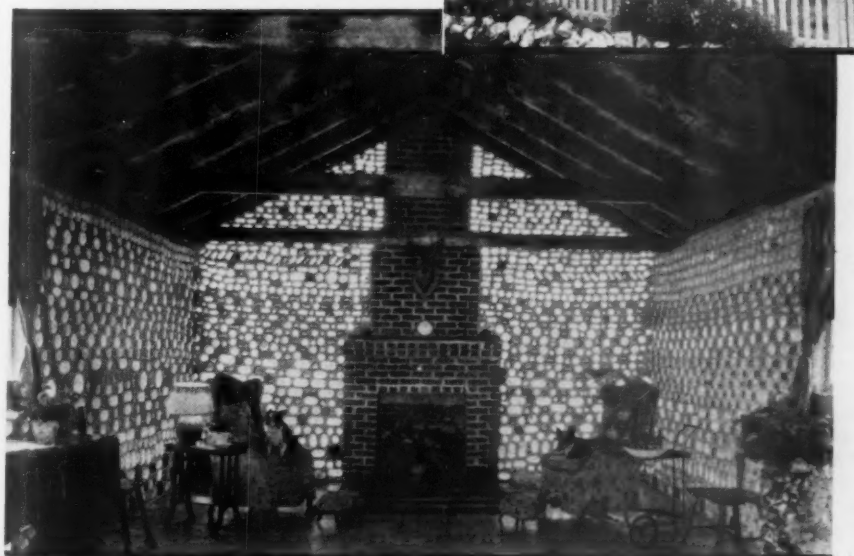
The bottles are set in concrete, with the bottoms inward, forming a smooth interior wall. The roof beams and rafters were charred with a blowtorch and then varnished with clear varnish.

It took 18 months to collect the bottles. They came from all over the State of Virginia, and many were furnished by DR. A. M. SHOWALTER, of Christiansburg, Governor of Rotary's 185th District. Two boys spent three months washing and cleaning the bottles and then four months more laying them. Most of the cement mortar was laid by hand, to seal the wall tight.

During the day the daylight comes through, broken into many soft hues by the varicolored bottles. At night a chandelier of blue and white bottles (added since the picture was taken) sheds a mellow glow which, in turn, shines through the walls.

ROTARIAN HOPE and his daughter ex-

terior and exterior of the "house that bottles built"—J. W. Hope's hobby mansion.



tend a cordial invitation to all Rotarians and their families to stop at Hillsville, if possible, and visit Virginia's hobby "bottle house." It was dedicated in August, 1940, by no less a personage than the Governor of Virginia, JAMES H. PRICE.

MISS HOPE has a new hobby now. She collects clippings about her house! And THE GROOM is happy to add this story to her collection.

What's Your Hobby?

That's a question that is being asked with increasing frequency these days. If you want to hear from others with a similar hobby interest, just drop a line to THE GROOM—if you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family—and soon he will list your name here, without charge.

Codes of Ethics: John Schade (collects codes of ethics of clubs, business houses, and individuals; will exchange), 2208 1st Ave. S., Seattle, Wash., U.S.A.

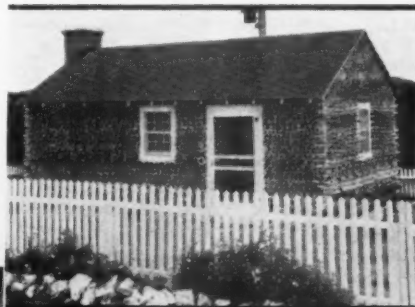
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Bookplates: Arthur W. Treffinger, Jr. (son of Rotarian—collects bookplates), 229 New St., Quakertown, Pa., U.S.A.

Drawings, Woodcuts: Winslow Ames (collects old-master drawings and color prints known as chiaroscuro woodcuts), 613 Williams St., New London, Conn., U.S.A.

Flags: Gene Anderson (8-year-old son of Rotarian—collects small cloth flags of other nations), 2517 Cottonwood St., Bay City, Tex., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM



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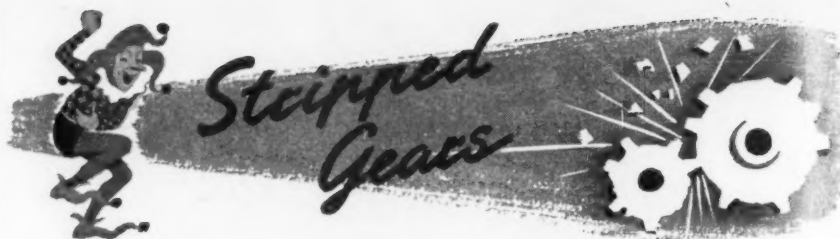
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"HONEST, fella, I'm a bit near-sighted. I thought sure that it was a duck."

My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to *Stripped Gears*, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. Here is one contributed by Irvin A. Menger, of Alamogordo, New Mexico, "my favorite at hunting time."

A hunter had been very fortunate (he thought) and had shot his prize buck with one shot. However, when he came upon the animal lying where he had shot it, he was so happy that he never thought to look where he might have hit the animal. He joyously started to tie his deer tag, in accordance with the State law, which says that each deer must be immediately tagged as soon as killed. Just as he finished tying the tag on the animal's horns, the deer regained consciousness from the glancing blow at the base of the horns, leaped up, and ran over a little ridge. The hunter left his gun against a tree and gave chase. Just as the animal crossed the ridge another hunter shot and felled the buck. Both hunters arrived at the scene of the fallen animal at the same time. The first hunter, exhausted by his chase up the hill, said between puffs that the animal was his. The second hunter insisted it was his, saying, "Why you don't even have a gun, and the buck has only one shot in him!"

The first hunter still hadn't recovered from his pursuit, but he puffed out, "Well, that's my tag on his horns." The second hunter was completely befuddled, but finally said:

"Any man that is good enough to run down a buck in these mountains without even a gun and tie a tag on his horns is a lot better man than I am. Go ahead and take him."

Upset

Straighten out this mess and you'll have an excerpt from an address by William Ewart Gladstone, English statesman of the 19th Century:

Het sseeiad fo an vile nocecenise si edynob eht ticeracp of lal the pshnyasiic fo lla het csoeuinrt ni eht ldrow.

Concealed Word Square

Select five words concealed in the following sentence, and rearrange them so that they will form a word square:

A lad from Posen secreted a dog in the house of a friend. The dense woods surrounding the house proved helpful. One day as he started toward the woods, he paused. To have no one to accompany him was dangerous. As he disappeared through the trees, he was seen to grasp a decrepit rifle.

Numerical Enigma

I am composed of 19 letters and am the name of a world-wide organization.

My 19-4-8-14-10-1-12 is an enclosure for a light. My 13-17-6 is one indifferently out of a number. My 9-2-11-3 is a wrongful act. My 15-12 is a preposition. My 5-7-16 is the name of one of the world's most beautiful harbors.

The answers to the three problems above will be found on page 63.

Grievance

One of the things about which I'm Inclined to get a little surly—
Whenever I'm having a wonderful time
Why does it have to get late so early?
—May Richstone

Tales Twice Told

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.

Coming Events

Confidentially, the association of laundrymen in Tsingtao expect '41 to be a banner year on their line. The boys claim to have the pencilled tablecloths to prove it.—The Arcona, TSINGTAO, CHINA.

Properly Equipped

A little boy whose grandmother had just died wrote the following letter and mailed it:

"Dear Angels: We have sent Grandma to you. Please give her a harp to play, as she is short winded and can't blow a trumpet."—The Rotary Hub, HORNELL, NEW YORK.

In the Days of Gold

A placard on the walls of a California hotel in the gold-rush days of '49 stated: "Board must be paid in advance. With

beans, \$36; without beans, \$12. Salt pork free, potatoes for Sunday dinner, pocketing prohibited. Extra charge for seats around the barroom stove. Lodgers must find their own straw. Beds on barroom floor reserved for regular customers. Lodgers must arise by 5 A.M., in the barn by 6 A.M. No fighting at table. Anyone violating the above rules will be shot!"—*The Rotary Mountaineer*, WEAVERVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

War Work

Sandy was after a job in an aircraft factory. "I suppose you realize," the foreman said, "that in a workshop like ours we've got to work to very fine limits? Have you had any experience in that sort of thing?"

Sandy grinned. "I'll say I have. For ten years I worked in a restaurant, and it was my job to cut the ham for the sandwiches!"—*The Busy Bee*, STRET-FORD, ENGLAND.

'Hell Hath No Fury . . .'

"See here," said the missionary to the African chief, "it is wrong to have more than one wife. Tell all your wives except one that they can no longer look upon you as their husband."

After a moment's reflection, the chief replied, "You tell them."—*The Rotary Bulletin*, OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Simple

Discovering yet another mistake in a letter, the Boston employer summoned his new typist.

"You came here with good testimonials, Miss Smith," he shouted, "and do you mean to tell me you don't know the King's English?"

"Of course I know it," she replied, indignantly. "Otherwise he wouldn't be on the throne."—*Rotogram*, LAKEPORT, CALIFORNIA.

So He Sang It

It is said that people who stammer often sing well. A deckhand who suffered from an impediment in his speech ran to the captain and stated:

"P-p-please, s-s-sir."

"For goodness' sake, hurry up," said the captain, irritably. "If you can't say it, sing it."

The deckhand took a very long breath

and sang: "Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind; the first mate's fallen overboard; he's half a mile behind."—*The Thousand Islands Weekly*, GANANOQUE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Tip-Off

She: "My dad takes things apart to see why they don't go."

He: "So what?"

She: "You'd better go."—*The Rotary Felloe*, HIGHLAND PARK, MICHIGAN.

Limerick's End

The last line of every good limerick must rhyme with the first and second lines. Not hard? Try it!—and if yours is the best submitted by January 2, you will receive a check for \$2. Send your contributions—as many as you wish to send—to The Fixer, Stripped Gears Department, care of "The Rotarian" Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.—Gears Eds.

Best Zest

"Fourth Object subscriptions are great!" Said Bill Brown as he signed up for eight.

"Eight new friends of the best Pan-American zest,

When Fun Is Done

For her last line to the unfinished limerick published in the August ROTARIAN, Mrs. G. J. Williamson, wife of a Vernon, British Columbia, Canada, Rotarian, wins the \$2 prize. THE FIXER liked the entry's "zipfulness"—though not easy was the selection, for with a score or more of rhyme words, his job was no pushover.

*Prexy Bill is as keen as he's smart,
Right on time all our meetings now start.
But when all's said and done
And we've had our fun,
Gee whiz! we are loath to depart.*

Answers to Problems on Page 62

UPSET: "The disease of an evil conscience is beyond the practice of all the physicians of all the countries in the world."

CONCEALED WORD SQUARE: 1. Ashes. 2. Spade. 3. Haven. 4. Edens. 5. Sense.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA: Rotary International.



"IT'S a good thing we can't read, Jake. Dat sign there probably says keep out!"

NOVEMBER, 1941

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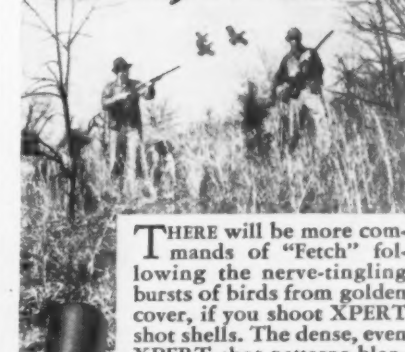
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Last Page Comment

'THE BEST INFLATION

hedge,' according to J. C. Aspley, editor of the Chicago Rotary Club's *Gyrator*, is one overlooked by Authors Palyi, Rukeyser, and Allen in their elucidating symposium in this issue. It is—but let "J. C." speak for himself:

Some of the fellows are buying farms—they are going to have a place to "hole in" if the worst comes to worst.

Others are buying ouija boards and are diligently at work picking out stocks which they think are "inflation-proof."

And one Rotarian has rented a warehouse which he has loaded with merchandise. He expects to make a killing that way. Everyone has his pet hedge.

Yet you will notice that the old hands—the boys who rode the last inflation train and got dumped at the end of a blind siding—are not kidding themselves. They learned that there is no such thing as a sure-fire hedge against inflation.

Money is important, of course. But let's not be foolish about it. With a world in flames we can't be sure how long we will be allowed to keep what we have. The only kind of wealth that you can really put your finger on are the people we know to be really and truly our friends.

That is why our Rotary affiliation is so important in these changing times. Through it we have the opportunity to keep old friendships bright and burnished; through it we have the opportunity to acquire new friends.

And the secret of making and holding friends is so very, very simple—all we need to do is to *be* a friend.

MANY A ROTARIAN

who through personal acquaintance with Japanese Rotarians had learned of their fine spirit and generous hospitality, was grieved and pained in September, 1940, when word was cabled that they had dissolved their Clubs. Here is a more recent Associated Press dispatch, which will suggest to those who knew Rotary in Japan that, though the organization no longer exists, the altruism fostered by it goes on:

Tokyo, Sept. 11 (A.P.).—Umekichi Yoneyama, chairman of the Mitsui Trust Co. and former President of the dissolved Japan-Manchukuo Rotary Club, turned over 38,000 yen (approximately \$9,000) from Club funds to the

International Students' Association today to assist foreign students inconvenienced by fund-freezing regulations.

Yoneyama said the sum represented the amount in the Rotary Club's treasury which could not be sent to the international headquarters in the United States following the dissolution of his organization last year.

SHORTLY BEFORE HE DIED

Sir Oliver Lodge, British scientist, wrote: "Think of radio—my first love. I never dreamed that an electrical discovery of mine would ever be used to send airplanes to bomb innocent children. Yet, that has happened. . . . If that is the use science makes of the new knowledge, then I wish the secret of wireless signalling had never been made known to me."

A DISILLUSIONED OLD MAN

penned those words. They fail to take account of the "inevitability" of scientific discovery and they entirely overlook the "new hope" discerned by Dr. Harrison E. Howe in his article *Help Science Outmode War!* (page 9). Because technology is spurred on by human needs, it is obvious that if Sir Oliver hadn't made his discoveries, someone else would have. But "pure science" is not enough. It needs men of goodwill to turn it to human weal lest men of illwill use it to bring woe to the world.

'FOOD FROM THE AIR'

is the headline in a recent bulletin of a chemical-engineering firm. It states that confirmed experiments show that as much as a third of the protein nitrogen consumed by cattle can be replaced by urea nitrogen made from coal, air, and water. In normal times, this food will cost from 50 to 65 percent less than the linseed and soybean meal it displaces. Commercial development doubtless will be delayed because ammonia, needed in the processing, is in demand for making explosives. But "food from air" appears to be the latest turn in the

Affair of the Nitrates, so dramatically related by Dr. Howe. Whether it will be fitted intelligently into the economies of nations or whether it will complicate already existing agricultural problems are questions to which answer must eventually be given.

CHLORINE IS ANOTHER

chemical in great demand—and thereby hangs another tale. It is that paper manufacturers have less chlorine to bleach their pulp than formerly. Perhaps you have noticed that the pages of this magazine are not so "bright" as they were several months ago. The Magazine Committee of Rotary International has investigated the situation, and is doing what it can to keep up the quality of the paper used. But as commercial use of chlorine is further limited, readers may expect paper to turn grayer.

NINOMIYA, THE PEASANT

sage of Japan, said, "My method is to guide and teach the bad by praising and rewarding the good." Most of us use that principle in our businesses and homes. Yet we lose it suddenly when we turn to appraise our public servants. If they are efficient, we are silent. If they are careless, we raise particular Ned, as, of course, we should. But there is a growing feeling that it is not enough merely to chastise the bad, that it is more salutary to reward the good. And the reward need not be financial, as scores of Rotary Clubs giving parchments or medals to "our outstanding citizen for the year" well know.

IN 1879, LONG BEFORE

Paul Harris started Rotary, W. G. Sumner, distinguished American political economist, anticipated Rotary's Fourth Object. He wrote: "There is no limit to the interest which civilized nations have in each other's economic and political wisdom, for they all bear the consequences of each other's follies." And again, in 1899, "When we have shut all the world out, we find that we have shut ourselves in."

—Your Editors

